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For High School and College Students

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YET to be told is one of the greatest stories under the sun—the coming and meeting in America of people from all ends of the earth.

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You are a part of it. So is the kid next door, the Irish cop on the corner, the refugee scientist in his lab, the guy down the block who eats pastrami, the young Negro American called by the draft last week, people with names like Knudsen, Zambloaskas, Di Santo, Whitney, Einstein, Harmon, Di Maggio. Newcomer and old-stock. All of us Americans, but each one a little different from any one else, just as America is different from every other country because the impulses that shape us as a nation spring from *all* the countries, races, and religions in the world and combine with what is already here into that “something” we call America.

What is this “something”? What is it to be an American? Your kind of an American? Do you eat goulash, apple strudel, chow mein, or just plain beef stew? Do you dance the polka, csardas, or jitterbug to swing? Does that make you less American? Or more? Does your background stem back to the colonists or to more recent immigrants? What is there to indicate this in your home? In your community? If “America is people,” what does all this variety of background mean to the nation as a whole? What does it mean to you—an American?

This “something” that is America is a big story, exciting, colorful. We suggest it here. You tell it. In any way you feel you can best express it—story, essay, poem. Or make up your own frame for it. We prescribe only the following:

RULES

1. Eligibility. (First Division): All students attending public, private, and parochial high schools; and (Second Division): All undergraduates of colleges and universities in the United States.
2. The first page of each manuscript shall bear the student's name, address, school and grade; and—attesting eligibility—the signature of his English instructor.
3. COMMON GROUND assumes no responsibility for lost mss.; stamped envelope to be enclosed if you wish ms. returned.
4. All entries to be postmarked not later than February 15, 1942.
5. A first prize of \$50, and 5 one-year subscriptions to COMMON GROUND for Honorable Mention will be awarded in each division. We hope to publish the winning mss. in the Summer issue.
6. Judges: COMMON GROUND editorial staff.
7. Entries to be addressed to: COMMON GROUND Contest Editors, 222 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

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Autumn 1941-
Summer 1942

COMMON COUNCIL FOR AMERICAN UNITY

222 Fourth Avenue, New York, New York

This organization (formerly the Foreign Language Information Service), publisher of *COMMON GROUND*, has these purposes:

To help create among the American people the unity and mutual understanding resulting from a common citizenship, a common belief in democracy and the ideals of liberty, the placing of the common good before the interests of any group, and the acceptance, in fact as well as in law, of all citizens, whatever their national or racial origins, as equal partners in American society.

To further an appreciation of what each group has contributed to America, to uphold the freedom to be different, and to encourage the growth of an American culture which will be truly representative of all the elements that make up the American people.

To overcome intolerance and discrimination because of foreign birth or descent, race or nationality.

To help the foreign-born and their children solve their special problems of adjustment, know and value their particular cultural heritage, and share fully and constructively in American life.

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General membership, \$1.00; subscribing, \$3.00; contributing, \$5.00 to \$100; and supporting, \$100 or over. Subscribing, contributing, and supporting memberships include subscription to *COMMON GROUND*.

Read Lewis, *Executive Director* Marian Schibsby, *Associate Director*

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Autumn, 1941

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CONTENTS

TITLE	AUTHOR	PAGE
MEXICANS TO MICHIGAN	Carey McWilliams	5
MEXICAN SKETCHES	Howard N. Cook	19
COMMUNITY IN CLOVER	Landrum Bolling	23
POLONIA TO AMERICA	Ed Falkowski	28
THE CANADIAN AMALGAM	Watson Kirkconnell	37
HELLO, MR. FAIRBANKS!	An Editorial	41
THE PEOPLE RESPOND	Ruby Black	42
TO THE SOUTH AMERICANS	Robert Nathan	48
TONY AND AUNT SUSAN	Merritt H. Perkins	49
WHAT THE NEGRO WANTS	Langston Hughes	52
COTTON PICKERS (A WOOD ENGRAVING)	Clare Leighton	55
EVENIN' AIR BLUES	Langston Hughes	57
CARRIE KING BOWLES	Fannie Cook	58
JOE LOUIS AND HIS PEOPLE	William G. Nunn	63
ONE YEAR IN AMERICA	Philipp Flesch	65
THE STORY OF ADD-A-PART RECORDS	Isabel Lundberg	69
HOW NOT TO SOLVE "THE JEWISH PROBLEM"	Marie Syrkin	73
WHAT MAKES GEORGE RUN?	James R. Gordon	79
THE WAR ON THE SOCIAL STUDIES	Kenneth M. Gould	83
SABOTAGE IN B-8	Mataileen L. Ramsdell	92
IMMIGRATION, A FIELD FOR RESEARCH	Marcus Lee Hansen	97
DISCRIMINATION—DEFENSE BOTTLE-NECK	Alan Cranston	107

DEPARTMENTS

Organizations and Their Work, 112	From the Immigrant Press, 117
The Bookshelf, conducted by Henry C. Tracy, 118	
Recommended Reading, 123	

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MEXICANS TO MICHIGAN

CAREY McWILLIAMS

THE Mexican *barrio* of San Antonio is an indolent and rather attractive quarter. Unpainted shacks, in a state of perpetual ill-repair, rest on stilts and lean precariously in all directions; dogs bark, children yell, and radios blare in every hovel. But the windows are decorated with plants, feeble shrubs sprout in the dirt yards, and morning-glories climb the fence posts. Every corner has its grocery store and beer hall (and above the beer hall the *bagnio*). Thousands of Mexicans, constituting perhaps 40 per cent of the population of San Antonio, live in the quarter. It is the hunting ground of labor contractors: the capital of the Mexico that lies within the United States.

Here, on El Paso Street—the “skid row”—are the headquarters of Mr. Frank Cortez. A versatile citizen, Mr. Cortez is the principal emigrant agent or labor contractor in Texas, and also the operator of several stores, cafes, and a funeral parlor in the *barrio*. Young, snappily-dressed, affable, Mr. Cortez was once a migrant worker himself. One year in the service of a Pennsylvania steel mill as a contract-employee was enough, however, to convince him he should seek another vocation. He returned to San Antonio and opened a funeral parlor—a happy decision, for the death rate among

the Mexican population is high, the Mexicans like ornate funerals, and most of them carry burial insurance.

A few years ago, Mr. Cortez became a licensed emigrant agent, authorized by the State of Texas to recruit labor for employment beyond its borders. From mid-March until May each year, he is busy signing up Mexican sugar-beet workers at the funeral parlor for his good friend, Mr. Max Henderson of the Michigan Beet Growers Employment Committee. Each year he recruits 6,000 workers for the Committee, for whom he is paid \$1 a head.

“There isn’t much expense, and I make \$6,000 for about three weeks work. It’s a nice business,” says Mr. Cortez.

Of the northern sugar-beet areas in the Middle West, Michigan imports, by a considerable margin, the most Mexican labor. The average planting, about 140,000 acres, necessitates the employment of nearly 20,000 field workers. Ninety-five per cent of this acreage is handled by contract-labor (that is, labor performed not by the growers but by field labor under contract), and two-thirds of it comes from Texas. At least 10,000, and perhaps 15,000, field workers make the trip to Michigan every season. Originally

COMMON GROUND

the sugar-beet companies imported Polish, Belgian, and Hungarian immigrant families, who were settled on small acreage allotments in the immediate vicinity of the 13 sugar-beet districts in the State. But now that the first generation of these families is rapidly disappearing and succeeding generations have drifted to the cities for industrial employment, Mexican labor has almost completely supplanted the original immigrant groups. The transition began to be effected, on a large scale, immediately after the passage of the Immigration Act of 1924, which cut off the supply of European hands, but was also accelerated by the formation, on the part of the remnants of the early immigrant families, of an A.F. of L. Agricultural Workers Union, which, in May, 1935, struck for higher wages at Blissfield, Michigan.

Prior to this strike, out-of-State Mexican labor had been recruited in a haphazard, informal manner, with each grower obtaining his own. To streamline the process, on April 7, 1938, the Beet Growers Employment Committee was formed to recruit workers for growers who raised beets for the Michigan Sugar Company. While the companies never contract with workers directly, and invariably disclaim responsibility for their welfare, they have, nevertheless, an active interest in maintaining a cheap labor supply. If wage rates increase, growers will demand more for their beets.

The companies are particular: they want rural Mexican families, not the urbanized proletariat—the pecan shellers, street cleaners, dish washers, and common laborers of San Antonio. Of the workers recruited by Mr. Cortez, at least two-thirds come from rural areas outside the city—from El Paso, Brownsville, Corpus Christi, Crystal City—and many travel great distances.

Various methods are used to attract them to the funeral parlor on El Paso Street. Those who have worked in Michigan in previous years receive a letter from Mr. Henderson instructing them to report in San Antonio on or before a certain date. Truck drivers interested in transporting workers keep in touch with Mr. Cortez; many have their own crews or know where to line up prospective passengers. "It is no trick at all," says Mr. Cortez, "to get workers." All that is necessary is to start a rumor along the "grapevine," or make an announcement in Spanish over one of the Mexican radio broadcasts.

They begin to arrive from all over Texas. The flow of traffic around the funeral parlor is so heavy special police squads have to be called in to maintain order. Trucks and jalopies, heavily loaded with women, youngsters, dogs, goats, chickens, and all the accoutrements of travel, are parked for blocks around. At four in the morning, the line begins to form outside the office. Thousands of Mexicans, shuffling in the morning half-light, are silhouetted against the walls of the buildings. They stand three abreast in a line that stretches down the block and around the corner for another block. There are camp followers, too: fancy girls, marijuana peddlers, sleight-of-hand artists. But Mr. Cortez, a member of the Rotary and the Order of Neptune, will have no truck with these "gypsies"; he endeavors, he says, to eliminate all "rack-eteering" elements.

As the line passes through the office, each applicant is interviewed. Has he ever worked in beets before? Where? How many in the family? The records grow, and it becomes possible to weed out the "undesirable" or "troublesome" individuals. The acceptable ones are given a physical examination. Stoical, sombre, moustachioed peons, stripped to the waist,

MEXICANS TO MICHIGAN

stand in long lines waiting their turn; then come the women and children. If they pass the examination, they are given certificates with their photograph affixed. Of the workers examined in 1940, only 125 were rejected: 86 cases of tuberculosis, 39 of venereal infection. The rejected are never referred to local health officers, however, for follow-up medical treatment. These "culls" usually go to the beet fields of other states or seek out a "bootlegger" agent and arrange to go north with him. Only those recruited by licensed agents for employment in Michigan are given a medical examination.

Michigan has not always been so discriminating; the examination has been part of the recruitment routine only since

icans, though Mexicans made up only 38 per cent of the population.) Consequently an arrangement was worked out whereby physicians from the Michigan Department of Public Health would go to San Antonio each spring to examine all Mexicans recruited through licensed agents. (They would have, of course, no way of examining workers signed up in any other manner.) According to Dr. A. W. Newitt of the Michigan Department of Public Health, the expense is divided between the United States Public Health Service and the Beet Growers Employment Committee. Actually, however, workers are charged 25 cents apiece for the examination, deducted from their pay, so the Committee does not really



1937. By statute, all cases of pulmonary tuberculosis, resident and non-resident, must be hospitalized in that State at public expense. In '37 the Department of Public Health discovered in the Saginaw Tuberculosis Hospital, with a capacity of 100 beds, 25 Mexican patients, most of them sugar-beet workers. (Over 72 per cent of all tuberculosis deaths in San Antonio in 1938 were among Mex-

icans, though Mexicans made up only 38 per cent of the population.)

Once the examination is over, there is nothing for the Mexicans to do but wait for the order for departure. The growers do not want them to arrive until the precise moment they are needed. If they come too soon, they attract public attention, and advances have to be made to keep them alive. Nor, in San Antonio,

COMMON GROUND

does Mr. Cortez want to be caught short of workers when the signal is given. So, sometimes for a week or ten days, thousands of them, with their wives and children, often without a dime to their names, mill around the funeral parlor. They dare not stray far away; they keep reporting to the office day in, day out, waiting with extraordinary patience for the signal to depart. They live with friends or relatives in the *barrio* or camp on the outskirts of the town or sleep in their cars and trucks. Meantime, San Antonio, "the Venus of Texas," manages to get whatever cash they have. There is gambling, drinking, and cock-fighting, and the rates at the *bagnios* throughout the West Side are cheap enough even for a Mexican sugar-beet worker.

While Mr. Cortez is the king-pin among licensed Texas emigrant agents, the others are important: S. P. Acosta, who recruits for the Mount Pleasant Sugar Company in Michigan; Simon Vasquez, who is connected with the Great Lakes Sugar Company of Ohio; and F. De La Garza, who represents the Great Northern Sugar Beet Company of Bay City, Michigan. But while Cortez annually signs up 6,000 workers, the other three get only 2,500.

Under the Emigrant Agent Act of Texas, a person is licensed to recruit only for a single employer in a single state. If he wants to expand operations, he must take out a separate license for each employer and for each state. Also, it costs about \$1,750 a year to operate a legal agency; the occupational tax is \$1,000, county taxes \$200, the employment agency license \$150, bond \$50. So a bootleg system flourishes outside the law, under which agents charge exorbitant fees for transportation and contracting, and give no insurance against accidents

and no assurance of security at the point of destination. 66,100 Mexicans seek employment outside the State every year, principally in sugar beets, but there are only four licensed agents. Obviously the number of workers signed up illegally is larger than the number legally contracted for. Even with the Michigan migration alone, only some 7,000 of a possible total of 15,000 are recruited by licensed agents. Thousands, of course, set out on their own initiative, hoping somehow, somewhere, to get a contract to raise beets. Those signed up by licensed agents do, at least, have a contract; they know they will get work.

II

The green signal flashes from Michigan. The army starts northward.

Sugar-beet workers cross five states and travel a distance of 1,600 miles in getting from Texas to the points in Michigan from which they are "fanned out" to districts where they work. If they travel by truck, they run the risk of being stopped in each state and required to take out chauffeur's licenses and license plates. (Such requirements are not necessary for passenger cars or trailers.) They must constantly be on guard against agents of the Bureau of Motor Carriers, who will want to know if they are transporting passengers across state lines for hire on a regular schedule from one point to another. When they cross a toll bridge, it is important to conceal, if possible, the number of passengers to minimize charges. Many who make the trip are, moreover, "wet backs"; that is, they have entered the United States illegally. If they are arrested for any cause along the way, or if they are stopped even for questioning, there is always the possibility they may be turned over to immigration officials.

MEXICANS TO MICHIGAN

In bringing Mexican labor into the State, the sugar companies wish to avoid publicity, for there is strong public opinion against the use of such labor in Michigan. In fact, highway patrolmen there will use almost any pretext to turn back a truck-load of Mexicans at the border. What happens along the line of march cannot, therefore, be understood without realizing that the whole business is shrouded in conspiracy and intrigue. The traffic in sugar-beet workers, from Texas to Michigan is, in effect, an underground railroad. Even when the participants are not trying to evade the law, they are under the constraint of concealing, if possible, the nature of their enterprise.

Three types of transport are used in effecting this large mass-movement of workers: train, truck, and jalopy. Of the workers that Mr. Cortez sent north in 1940, about 500 went by train, 2,000 by truck, the rest in passenger cars. In March of each year, Cortez is wined and dined by the passenger agents of the railroads, all seeking his patronage. A flat rate of \$15 per person, one way, is charged from Texas to Michigan. Fares are advanced by the Beet Growers Employment Committee, but the amount, along with the \$1 fee due Mr. Cortez and the 25 cent fee for the medical examination, is charged against the account of the worker and deducted at the end of the season from his earnings. The tickets are given to Mr. Cortez, who loads the workers on the train. Taking along equipment and food for the journey, Mexicans crowd the cars to capacity on special trains that go directly from Texas to Michigan without making any stops. The general public seldom sees or even knows about the traffic. Noses are counted on leaving and on arriving, and "agents" accompany the train to see that no errant souls abandon it between points. The shipment is

handled like a cattle freight train, with a bill of lading and invoice for each load. Before leaving Texas, workers execute a document assigning the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad an amount from their earnings sufficient to cover transportation expenses for the entire family, which the sugar company is authorized to pay directly to the railroad. The bill of lading specifies the name, age, and sex of each member of the family and indicates the place to which they are to be delivered and even the number of the "wagon-house" in which they are to reside during the season. The sugar companies encourage travel by train, since they know that, once transportation is paid, the worker will arrive in the fields in accordance with his agreement, and that they can then collect any advances made for living expenses in transit. When they make advances to truck drivers or individual families, there is always the possibility that workers may never start out, that they may turn back on the way, or that they may stop and work in some other locality. They prefer, therefore, that workers travel by train or in the entourage of a reliable trucker who sees to it that no one escapes or deserts.

Traveling from Texas to Michigan by truck is a nightmare. Most of the trucks are the open stake kind, never intended for passenger transportation. Old models, seldom in a state of good repair, they are used during the season to haul sugar beets from field to factory. Before starting out, the driver is careful to substitute Michigan license plates (which have been forwarded to him) for his Texas plates, so he will not catch the eye of a wary highway patrolman in Michigan. Planks or benches are then placed on the truck, and it is loaded with passengers and equipment. Frequently 60 and 65 are huddled together. Although some com-

COMMON GROUND

panies have issued instructions that not more than 25 passengers be carried on a truck (quite a load in itself), the average carries about 50 people, their bedding and equipment and food for the trip. Once the Mexicans have crowded into the back, a heavy tarpaulin is thrown

by a finance company, the truckers drive like devils. With a relief driver in the cab, they go straight through to Michigan, stopping only for gas and oil. By driving night and day, they can make the trip in from 45 to 48 hours. Paid \$10 a head to deliver Mexicans in Michigan (ulti-



over them and fastened down around the edges so they are concealed. Outwardly the truck looks as though it were loaded with a cargo of potatoes. Before climbing into the driver's seat, the trucker tosses a couple of coffee cans into the back to be used as urinals during the journey. Then, usually around midnight, the truck rolls out of El Paso Street for the long trip north.

Afraid of being arrested for violating the Emigrant Agent Law, fearful of being charged with breaking the motor vehicle regulations of the states along the line of march, usually apprehensive that the truck itself will be picked up

mately charged to the workers), some truckers make \$3,000 a year. Naturally they are in a hurry: they want to make two or three trips. Instead of traveling the main highways, however, they pursue a zigzag course, making many detours, zooming along country roads and minor highways to avoid patrolmen. As a rule they are as arrogant as captains on a slave-galley. They pay little heed to their passengers, drink to stay awake, and drive against time. Notoriously bad drivers, and traveling under these circumstances, they have many accidents every season. On March 14, 1940, one such truck, with wooden sides and a tarpaulin cover-

MEXICANS TO MICHIGAN

ing 44 workers, was struck by a train while crossing a railroad grading near McAllen, Texas; 29 were killed, eleven of them children under 16.

Testimony by the Texas State Employment Service to the Tolan Committee investigating this truck traffic indicates its nightmare quality. One affidavit says that in a trip to Linwood, Michigan, not over two stops were made in 24-hour intervals, that three days and nights were required to make the journey, that stops were never made even for bowel evacuations unless the passengers made so much noise the driver had to stop, that the truckers kept themselves awake with liquor or marijuana. Another reports that on a trip to Michigan in 1937, the driver sold the workers six one-gallon cans to be used as receptacles for bowel evacuations, to be dumped along the road as they traveled north. Any food and water consumed en route had to be taken along and the food eaten cold, as no stops except for gas were made in the forty hours of the trip. In another case, 40 adult workers were herded into a 1938 Ford V-8 truck; passengers had to stand all the way, and one man tied himself upright to a stake so he would not fall out if he happened to fall asleep. Another trip from San Antonio to Saginaw, Michigan, took five days and four nights. The weather was cold and rainy, there were no seats in the truck, it had no top, the roads were bad, and the brakes were functioning badly. The workers finally forced the driver, at the point of a gun, to stop and buy brake fluid with money they lent him. The truck was a double-decker and had as passengers 35 adults and 10 children. Some of those on the improvised upper-deck sat with their legs hanging down around the necks of those below. Several brawls developed. One boy had to stand the entire trip. One woman was very

ill, but the driver would not stop for medical attention.

There is a wealth of similar documentary material. Mr. Forrest G. Brown, Deputy Factory Inspector of the State of Michigan, reports, for instance: "At Blissfield, at least one dead Mexican baby is buried in a shallow grave. The mother of this baby . . . rode standing up in a crowded truck from San Antonio. Doctor Tubbs, who attended this woman, stated that without a doubt this caused the premature birth and death of the baby."

Since most of the owners can use their trucks during the season in Michigan in the beet fields, the volume of such transportation has increased. Many of the truck drivers are, in effect, labor contractors.

Those who travel in their own cars have a somewhat easier trip. Most of them leave San Antonio, however, without a cent; advances frequently have to be made to enable them to buy their gasoline and oil. Their cars are old and broken-down; they often have to stop for repairs and wire ahead for further advances to get their cars out of hock. Fines for traffic violations are, of course, major calamities.

Since the Michigan migration is made up almost exclusively of families, the cars are usually overcrowded. A typical unit will consist of Señor and Señora, their married children and in-laws, the grandchildren, and a few uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, and remote cousins. Heavily loaded with passengers and equipment, the old cars wheeze and snarl their way north. Without funds and in a hurry, the workers have little time for camping; they, too, usually drive night and day. They tell the same story of being stopped again and again in the course of the journey and being interrogated by traffic officers. Who are you? Where are you

COMMON GROUND

going? Are you citizens? Where are your papers? Many are native-born citizens, but, since they were delivered by non-registered midwives in remote rural counties in Texas, they find it difficult to establish proof of citizenship. Even the native-born in many cases do not speak English and have much trouble satisfying their questioners.

This strange *hégira*, which takes place with all its nomadic trimmings in the midst of our highly complex industrial society, has often been described as a gay and pleasant outing. The *paisanos*, however, do not regard it as a lark. Usually they are terrified for fear they won't make it to Michigan, that they will be turned back somewhere along the line. Every time they cross a state boundary, they heave a sigh of relief. Since many have old license plates, they hide out by day and drive by night, following circuitous routes. In their minds, they are fugitives, attempting to avoid innumerable perils.

As the trucks and passenger cars near the Michigan border, a definite and special hazard arises. Highway patrolmen are on the alert, eager to seize upon any excuse for turning them back. As an example of what happens, Mr. Franklin Dodge, Assistant Director of the Motor Vehicle Division of the Utilities Commission of Michigan, reports in June, 1938: "During the last month our inspectors and the State police have stopped more than 50 truckloads of Mexican laborers and brought the drivers into court on charges of transporting passengers for hire without a public utility commission permit. In almost every case the drivers receive a suspended sentence on condition that they return to Indiana. They usually do this and then arrange for the workers to complete their journey from the Indiana border to the beet

fields in a licensed bus. The miserable conditions of filth and squalor on these trucks which we have stopped are almost indescribable." A Michigan newspaper under the date of May 26, 1938, reports: "The city's flock of immigrating Mexicans held for investigation today had increased to 14. A second truck driver was fined \$25 for hauling the workers to Michigan beet fields without a license, and all are held pending a fingerprint check." It requires no effort to picture the plight of these 14 Mexicans, probably an entire family, herded into jail in a strange and faraway province and being endlessly interrogated by various sets of officials: the local police, State highway patrolmen, agents of the State Utilities Commission, and representatives of the immigration service and the Bureau of Motor Carriers. The effect of the arrests is to impose additional burdens on the migrants. They are delayed in reaching their destinations, where they can get shelter and advances for food; their reserves of cash are reduced by fines; and, when the trucker is turned back, they are faced with the necessity of paying bus transportation for the rest of the journey.

A dark and devious traffic, disgraceful in every detail.

III

Workers arrive in Michigan from April 15th to June 1st. The first labor operation—blocking, thinning, and cultivating the beets—consumes about 30 days. After an interval of several weeks, there is a second hoeing and weeding operation which takes about 15 days. Once this is concluded, there is nothing to be done until the harvest, which starts around October 15th and is usually over by December 1st. Although workers may be in Michigan in fulfillment of their contracts for seven or eight months,

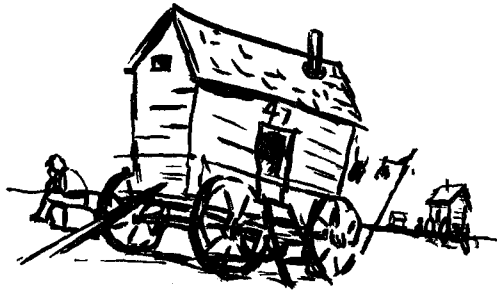
MEXICANS TO MICHIGAN

they may actually be working in sugar beets for only 75 or 80 days. During the period they are not working in beets, they can pick up some non-contract work in such crops as pickles, string beans, cherries, tomatoes, chicory, onions, and mint. But they cannot migrate far from the beet fields, for, by the terms of their contract, they are held to the crop. There is usually a provision in the agreement that requires them to be constantly available. Also, a hold-back payment of \$2 an acre forces compliance with the contract under penalty of forfeiting a major part of the compensation.

Ten years ago, 35 or 40 per cent of the field labor for sugar beets in Michigan was recruited by agents from Cincinnati, Chicago, Buffalo, St. Louis, Kansas City, Akron, Cleveland, and Youngstown. The balance consisted of resident Belgian, Hungarian, and Polish families, with some Mexican labor from Texas. Generally speaking, however, non-local workers are now desired, since they are brought in with a specific job in mind and are apt to stick. Mexican labor is also preferred as more reasonable, obliging, convenient, capable, and less demanding, showing a willingness to take orders. "Other groups are troublesome." There are still some of the original immigrant families in the area, and some miscellaneous "white" labor is still recruited in Chicago, South Bend, Mishawaka, and Cincinnati. But about 90 per cent of the sugar-beet acreage is handled by contract-labor, of which two-thirds is Mexican from Texas. In certain districts, as in Saginaw, the original immigrant families and the Mexican families are about equal in number. In another, Sebawaing, Mexicans from Texas constitute only 20 per cent of the field workers; 47 per cent consists of "white" Missouri, Ohio, and Kentucky farm families. These are recruited by labor contractors who provide round-trip

transportation by truck, furnish board and shelter and equipment (the Mexicans bring their own hoes and knives), and pay the workers a flat rate of \$1 a day. Professor J. F. Thaden of Michigan State College has pointed out that there are about 14,000 "Okies" in Michigan, and that they are beginning to work in sugar beets.

The typical housing unit is the wagon-house, a one-room affair built on wheels so it can be moved from area to area. Houses are numbered and the number used to designate particular families on the records of the companies. Generally, no charge is made for rent. The Department of Social Welfare in Michigan has some interesting data on these housing conditions. In Saginaw they found three families consisting of 19 people living in an old one-room granary. In Gratiot County they found clusters of "terrible" shacks on the outskirts of such towns as



Alma and Breckenridge. Toilet facilities are generally lacking. Since the weather is often cold in the spring, the windows are closed and workers use kerosene lamps and candles for both illumination and warmth. Four and five people sleep in one bed (there is almost no furniture or bedding), and the unlucky sleep on the floor. In Tuscola County, investigators reported a case where "the family during the beet season had neither toilets nor

COMMON GROUND

water at the time a child was born to the mother." In Monroe and Lenawee Counties, 75 per cent of the housing was found to be utterly inadequate, consisting of one and two-room shacks, hopelessly overcrowded, infested with vermin, with bad ventilation and filthy outdoor toilets. In at least one county, Standish, it was reported that workers were charged \$35 per season for the use of wagon-houses. In one instance 27 people were found living in one house. A family of ten occupied an eight-by-twelve trailer. The worst slums in Michigan were reported in the sugar-beet settlement at Blissfield.

Health conditions are also not exactly idyllic in the Michigan beet areas. Mexicans constitute only 1½ per cent of the population of Saginaw County, but 25 per cent of the patients in the tuberculosis hospital are Mexicans. It costs the County \$18,000 a year to care for them. In Kalamazoo County, 50 active cases of malaria were discovered in 1937, as a result of the Mexican influx, and the malaria danger was labeled "serious" as long as the migration continued. In Tuscola County it was reported that workers must pay the doctor bill before a child is born. In a survey made by the Department of Social Welfare, many cases of pneumonia, tuberculosis, venereal disease, rickets, rheumatism, arthritis, measles, tomato rash (an occupational disease), lice, and itch were reported among Mexican beet workers. In June, 1938, Michigan newspapers carried a story about large fields of marijuana having been discovered "near Ithaca and between Pontiac and Mount Clemens. Thousands of acres of the narcotic weed have been located in the areas inhabited by the imported workers."

Investigators for the Social Welfare Department also found that most Mexicans are destitute when they arrive in Michigan and that throughout the season "they

have barely enough to get by on." Investigator Don Beardsley reported that in Sandusky County Mexicans were being overcharged at village stores and did not get itemized bills for purchases at the end of the season. "I would recommend," he observed, "payment of beet laborers in cash." Mr. George Krogstad, Chairman of the Michigan Department of Labor and Industry, says, "Mexicans in some instances have been victimized by employers who deducted from their wages varying amounts for the 'rental' of tools they used and for grocery bills the employees denied they had incurred." Mr. Forrest Brown, in his report of August 18, 1937, makes a number of pertinent observations on employment practices: "One family of two adults and eight small children under 12, tending 25 acres of beets, were tendered a statement of deductions by the company, and a check totalling five dollars, and were informed that nothing more was due them until after harvesting. The family is destitute and the recipient of charity. . . . In one case alleged damages to property were deducted without the knowledge or consent of the worker. . . . Instead of being permitted at the proper time to hoe fields already blocked and thinned, these workers were compelled through threats of eviction or stoppage of meager credit by the company field agents or overseers to work in five fields so neglected they should have been abandoned. In the meantime, these workers have lost all opportunity to perform other seasonal work such as picking tomatoes and other vegetables and fruits for canning companies in the area. In one instance I was shown a check for less than \$2, for which it was alleged 32 hours of work was performed under protest."

The average Mexican sugar-beet family in Michigan consists of 4.4 adult workers, 14 years and over, about a third of

MEXICANS TO MICHIGAN

them women. The acreage allotted them is constantly decreasing; it has declined, in fact, from ten acres to six or seven. The growers, naturally, prefer to "bunch" the workers, since it expedites the harvest. At the going rate of \$19 an acre, seasonal earnings are necessarily low. The larger families can, however, handle allotments on several different farms, and, to some extent, supplement their earnings by working in other crops during the slack period in beets. The Department of Social Welfare in 1937 estimated average seasonal earnings per worker as \$216 (Saginaw County) and \$344 (Monroe and Lenawee Counties); with seasonal family earnings \$644 (Tuscola County). These estimates are quite generous. Mr. Brown has said that "these people average about \$8 a week and live on about \$1 of foodstuffs a week per person, which is the average credit extended to them by the company. As a rule they work from 5 a.m. until sundown in the field." He describes a family that he interviewed, consisting of two adults and four children tending a seven-acre beet allotment, whose earnings were not sufficient to meet claimed advances and deductions by the company. The father went blind in the beet field, and the family was cared for by a farmer who found them in the field at 3:30 in the afternoon working since sun-up with nothing to eat. They had no food in the house, and the so-called house had three inches of water on the floor.

Many are, of course, stranded in Michigan at the end of the season. A typical case was recently reported in Springport. Twenty-two Mexican families, consisting of 62 persons, had been imported from Robstown, Texas, by a labor contractor to work in the onion fields. The contractor, in partnership with the grower, had entered into sharecropper agreements with the workers. To get credit for food, the Mexicans had mortgaged 30 per cent of

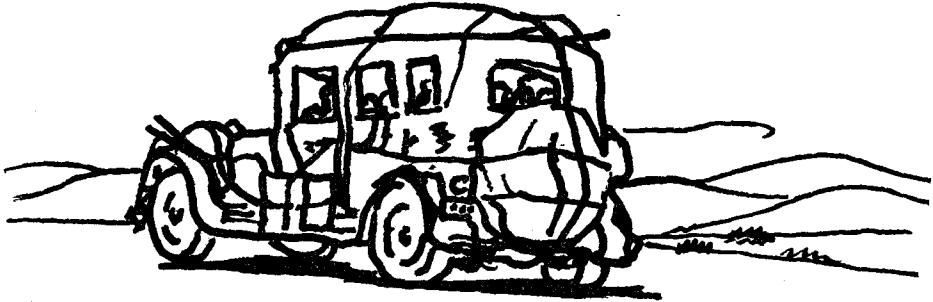
their interest in the crop to a local grocery store. By the time their credit was exhausted, they owed the store \$1,800 and had \$900 coming to them under the agreement. They also had difficulty in collecting from the contractor, since agricultural labor, according to the local district attorney, is exempt from the wage statutes of the State. Nor could they get back to Texas to pick cotton, for the truck in which they had come was held by a garage in Eaton Rapids for payment of a repair bill. Living in a barn, a log-cabin, two one-room shacks, and a tent, they finally appealed to the local welfare agency for assistance. To get them out of the county before winter, the agency advanced \$128 to pay the repair bill, purchased two new tires for the truck, and furnished oil and gasoline, blankets and food, for the return trip. A week later, to get the remaining families out of the county, the welfare officials furnished one of their own trucks and took them back to Texas at public expense.

Gradually, as more families are stranded, Mexican colonies have developed. In Minnesota a residual group of non-resident beet workers, now exceeding 6,000 in number, presents a serious welfare problem. Similarly, Mexican colonies are growing in the sugar-beet areas in Michigan. Some of the young men, in particular, stay over after the season, marry the local girls, and become residents. To date the winter relief problem in Michigan has not been serious, but the number of stranded families is likely to increase. Mechanical cultivating and blocking of beets and the use of tractors instead of horses to haul them to the factory have already replaced many hand laborers. Although the average yield per acre has increased 10 per cent, man-hours required to produce it have dropped from 112 in 1920-24 to 94 in 1933-36, and the harvest itself is now in the process of being mechanized.

COMMON GROUND

While the relief problem is not serious in Michigan yet (and is far more than offset by the money spent by beet workers in the State), the education of Mexican children does present many difficulties. They are hard to classify; they bring no school records with them; retardation is, of course, common; and the truancy officers are kept busy. In several counties

unemployed members of the Agricultural Workers Union, who are anxious for employment, while these Mexican families are brought in from a distance of 2,000 miles." On June 24, 1938, the Bay City newspapers commented that "if those 1,000 jobs in the fields had been given to unemployed men here, the relief question would be answered and there would be



school starts early in the fall and then recesses for a couple of weeks during the sugar-beet harvest. While the Sugar Act of 1937 has resulted in a great reduction in the amount of child labor, it has by no means eliminated the employment of children in the fields. Generally speaking, Mexican children do not pretend to start school in the autumn. Since they are not back in Texas until December, they lose three months in the fall and, generally, a month or two in the spring. When they do attend school in Michigan, they have many handicaps: some speak English only with difficulty and they are unable to supply text books. Recently some progress has been made in tackling the problem in a few counties by establishing special summer schools for them.

During the years that Mexican labor has been imported to Michigan, there has, at all times, been an adequate supply of resident local labor. On June 3, 1938, the A. F. of L. reported there were "hundreds of Michigan workers, many of them

no unemployment in the county." "These Mexican workers were brought to Michigan to break the union of beet workers at Blissfield," said the press on May 20, 1938. "There is a colony of 'old beet workers' living near Blissfield on relief. They are Hungarians, Bulgarians, and Polish people who came years ago and have been working in the beets ever since. Last year they organized an A. F. of L. Agricultural Workers Union and got their wages up to \$21 an acre, which is only \$2 less than the wage that prevailed in the low-wage era before the [First] World War. This year the company is permitting them to remain idle on relief, while it imports hundreds of Mexican families to tend the beets at \$18 an acre."

And on June 17, 1938, one of the papers summed up the situation: "Want, poverty, misery, and terror stalk the beet fields like four gibbering ghosts, haunting the days and nights of the inarticulate Mexican laborers who have been brought so far from their homes to the strange northern land to work in strange fields."

MEXICANS TO MICHIGAN

IV

By the time the harvest is over in December, it is cold and rainy in Michigan, and the Mexicans are eager to get back to Texas. But many have difficulty in getting out of the State. Since there are two major labor operations in sugar beets, the companies (who keep all the books) make payments on contracts twice during the season, the first in August after the blocking, thinning, and cultivating. Since Mexicans try to leave Michigan as soon as the harvest is over, they cannot collect the final payment because the companies have not, by that time, closed their books. The final checks are given to field men of the companies, who mail them to the workers in Texas. Generally, therefore, they have to get an advance to leave Michigan, just as they had to get one to leave the South. Workers never get a chance to inspect the books; nor do statements accompany the checks.

A practice followed by many families is to pool the earnings of the entire group and purchase a used car in Michigan for the return trip. When they arrive in San Antonio, they can usually sell it for \$25 or \$50 more than they paid for it. But the used-car dealers in San Antonio, full of righteous indignation, have announced they intend to seek protective State legislation to put an end to what they term "a racket." Those who went to Michigan by train usually return by truck or passenger car with other families. The long journey home can, however, be conducted in a somewhat more leisurely manner. But even then, many of the families are in a hurry to get to Texas for the winter vegetable crops. The tarpaulin is seldom used on the return trip, except when crossing toll bridges.

Mexicans arrive in Texas, as they left, with scarcely any money. The report of the WPA in San Antonio for November,

1939, states that "Mexicans are returning in a much worse state than when they left. Of all these people re-interviewed, not one has started his children to school this term. They state that they barely manage to buy food enough to exist and can buy no clothes at all." While some families fare much better than others, it is debatable if the average family is able to accumulate as much as \$200 for eight months employment in Michigan; yet earnings there are higher than for field work in Texas, where the migratory labor problem is even greater and more complex—"the worst in the nation," in the words of the Farm Security Administration. In spite of this siphoning off of workers to the Michigan sugar-beet fields, to Colorado, Minnesota, and Montana, some 400,000 Mexicans—75 per cent of all the migratory workers in Texas—remain to follow the crops within its boundaries. Bad as wages and conditions in Michigan are, they are relatively better than the workers would have known had they stayed in Texas.

When they arrive in San Antonio, they spend a few weeks visiting friends and relatives in the *barrio*, and then disperse to their "homes"—in El Paso, Laredo, Crystal City, Robstown, and other communities.

The great march is over; the army is disbanded. But when spring rolls round again, they will be back in front of Mr. Cortez' funeral parlor on El Paso Street. They are a brave army, an army capable of almost incredible endurance. They are also an amazingly patient army; they make few complaints . . . which usually go unheard.

This article will be a chapter in Carey McWilliams' forthcoming book, Shadows on the Land, in which he carries on the work he began in Factories in the Field,

COMMON GROUND

published in 1939. The two chapters which will immediately precede this will deal with the complex migratory labor problem in Texas. Mr. McWilliams is the author also of a biography of Ambrose Bierce and a frequent contributor to *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, and other periodicals. Last spring he received a Guggenheim fellowship to do a book about agricultural labor in Hawaii. He is

chief of the State of California's Division of Immigration and Housing. In this capacity he has been instrumental in ameliorating the plight of the "Okies" which John Steinbeck made generally known with his novel and film, *The Grapes of Wrath*.

David Levine, the illustrator, is a Los Angeles artist who spent last year on a grant, painting in Mexico.

Twice a Guggenheim Fellow, Howard Cook is one of the outstanding print-makers of the country, working in many mediums—etching, wood engraving, and lithography. He has murals in several cities, among them Springfield, Pittsburgh, and San Antonio. In his "Mexican Sketches" presented here, Mr. Cook, now a resident of Taos, New Mexico, has worked from close intimacy with his subjects.









COMMUNITY IN CLOVER

LANDRUM BOLLING

ON any list of the best farming communities in Tennessee, if not in the entire South, is Belvidere in Franklin County, just above the Alabama border. North of the Black Belt, the land here is by nature no more fertile than thousands of square miles of red clay soil which stretches across the middle South, and the owners of 75 years ago were so convinced it was already worn out that many moved away. Yet today the Belvidere farms are highly productive, and the surrounding area proudly calls itself the Crimson Clover-Seed Center of America.

The beginning of this new prosperity can be fixed almost exactly. It was a day in the winter of 1867. A couple of wandering Swiss Americans, Samuel Kaserman and his ailing son John, after two winters of traveling through the Southern states, stopped to rest on a knoll along the road south of Winchester, Tennessee. Spread out in a great semi-circle to the east and the south were the ragged edges of the Cumberlands. The old man gazed at them reminiscently and turned toward the rolling fields which stretched from the foot of the mountain off in the distance to the west: "Well, John, down in here somewhere I'd like to spend the rest of my days. The land is promising if we give it proper care; and those mountains look something like the ones back home. They'll be good to rest the eye on."

Thirty years had passed since Samuel Kaserman set out from Leuzigen in the Bernese Seeland. A stone mason of inde-

pendent mind, he had led the local peasants in their struggles against the Austrian overlords who monopolized the best lands and dominated the economic life of the community. But threats of arrest and reprisal convinced him he would have to quit his native village.

With his wife and children, Kaserman started for America in 1837. Landing at New York, they traveled up the Erie Canal, across to Cleveland—where they turned down the offer of city land at eight dollars an acre—and headed south to the hilly country near New Philadelphia, Ohio. There on Stone Creek, Samuel Kaserman built a tannery, a grist mill, and a house. A few years later he established a wholesale grocery business in town. In these enterprises the family prospered, but by 1866 another migration became necessary: John, in poor health following service in the Union forces, was ordered by his doctor to move to a warmer climate.

During the winter months of 1866-67, traveling much of the way on foot, John and his father hunted in vain through eastern Tennessee, northern Alabama, and Georgia for the right combination of soil, topography, and price. The following autumn they took up the search again, and early in 1868 they made their choice—the Hilliard Shore place in Franklin County, Tennessee.

For a farm of 280 acres, which the owner was about to lose because he couldn't pay the \$1,800 mortgage, the Kasermans paid \$6,000 in gold. The

neighbors shook their heads: here were a couple of Yankees with foreign accents, who had never chopped an acre of cotton in their lives, paying hard cash for a run-down farm in a section where experienced farmers who knew the land, the climate, and the local crops had given up. At the county seat the ex-owner boasted gleefully: "I don't know as I ever shot a Yankee during the entire war, but I sure cheated a couple of 'em like hell."

Though by local land prices they had been swindled, and by local standards of cash-crop farming they were ignorant and inexperienced, the Kasermans had the European peasant's love of the soil and his canny knowledge of how its fertility must be built up and maintained. They knew that long years of unrotated cultivation in such crops as cotton and corn had burned up vital plant food elements without putting much of anything back in their place. They saw that careless up-and-down-hill plowing had made capricious water courses which were broadening and deepening into aging wrinkles on the face of the countryside. Cash-crop soil-mining the Kasermans could not adopt, brought up as they were in the Swiss tradition of carefully diversified farming. And for cotton raising in particular they had no inclination.

Patiently they began to fill up the gullies with logs and brush. They shoveled into wagons the good top-soil which had washed into the low ground and hauled it back onto the slopes. From the beginning they kept cattle and used the manure for fertilizer. (Some of their neighbors dumped it into the creeks to get rid of it!) The land responded appreciatively to proper care, and in time the Kasermans were able to prove that farming at Belvidere could still be made to pay.

From the start they were so enthusiastic about the possibilities of Tennessee agriculture they began urging their kin to

join them. They wrote to friends in Ohio, to relatives abroad, to German-language papers in the North. There developed a slow, steady migration of Swiss, and a few German, farmers into the Belvidere community. Some came directly from Switzerland; others by way of earlier settlements in Pennsylvania, New York, Indiana, Illinois, or Iowa. Most, however, moved either from Ohio or from the colony at Greutli, Tennessee, where a hundred recently-arrived immigrants found that the "fertile farms" they had bought unseen were a mountain wilderness.

Possessed of a common social, religious, and farming tradition, and faced with the common problem of making homes and a living in a cast-off country, the German-Swiss of Belvidere created a united community. They set up a German Reformed Church and, closely connected with it, a school. Out of necessity and self-interest they developed mutual-aid methods for handling their day-to-day economic problems. They pooled their purchasing power in co-operative buying of seed, fertilizer, and other farm needs, with substantial savings over retail prices. Of far more importance, however, were their co-operative efforts to find out how to farm their lands most effectively, their sharing of ideas and experience.

Individually they worked at the obvious jobs of filling up gullies, spreading manure, and planting grass cover-crops. They discovered, however, that still other efforts were required if the soil was to be brought again to full productive use. To provide the land with potash and certain missing minerals they scattered wood ashes hauled from neighboring sawmills. Knowing their lands needed lime, they drove their wagons across the mountain to a railroad's rock-crusher and brought home ground limestone dust. A few years later they acquired a crusher themselves. From the farm journals they learned of the

COMMUNITY IN CLOVER

plant-food value of buffalo bones which cluttered up the western plains. They ordered several carloads and ground them up for fertilizer.

Although they lacked county agents and soil-conservation experts, the newcomers kept surprisingly abreast of the latest developments in scientific agriculture. From extensive reading, from travels to various parts of the country, and from differing individual experiences before moving to Belvidere, they were able to pool information not generally available or used in the surrounding county. They were the first farmers in that region to use grain drills, manure spreaders, and mowing machines. In place of the customary bull-tongued plow which did little more than scratch the earth, they adopted steel turning plows. They introduced windmills and cream separators. Beginning with seed which John Kaserman brought back in his suitcase from a trip to Switzerland, they conducted long experiments in growing alfalfa, and eventually it became one of the main local crops.

Perhaps their most notable achievement, following the lead of John Ruch, was in developing wide use of clover and specializing in the raising of seed. Today Franklin County leads the nation in the production of crimson clover-seed, an important cash crop, although originally they had turned to clover solely as a way of building up land and providing hay. The Clover-Seed Festival at Winchester is now the major county celebration each year.

By 1894 the results of the experiments at Belvidere were being enthusiastically described in the report of the State Bureau of Agriculture, which urged farmers generally to plant clover: "Twenty years ago a few Germans and Swiss bought, near Winchester, some old fields that were utterly sterilized and abandoned. After long-continued toil, patience, and

careful attention, a good clover stand was obtained. From that period to the present, Belvidere has been one of the thriftiest, if not the most thrifty, agricultural community in the South. These people found a desert; they have converted it into an Eden. Lands that twenty years ago would not produce four bushels of wheat per acre are now producing twenty-five to forty bushels, and a like increase in all the other standard crops. . . . There is not in all the South a spot more lovely or attractive than Belvidere. Its farm houses are tasteful, neat and comfortable; its fields are models of high culture; its orchards are filled with the choicest fruits; its vineyards hang in season with purple vintages and golden clusters."

In the succeeding half-century, farming fashions of the neighboring area have come more and more to approximate those of the German-Swiss immigrants. And in recent years the Federal program of soil conservation has laid dramatic emphasis on many of the farm practices they had been following for two generations. Yet a careful study of farming in Franklin County, by Walter M. Kollmorgen of the United States Department of Agriculture, has shown that the people of German-Swiss descent still deserve the title of superior farmers. Their traditions have been absorbed by many of their old-stock neighbors, and some of the best Swiss farmers have moved to better lands elsewhere, yet the 35 families of Swiss descent at Belvidere have achieved and maintained a marked economic advantage over the average local farmers. Their farms are larger and more valuable, their annual incomes greater, their fields and homes better kept.

Aside from the fine stands of alfalfa and clover, the sleek herds of cattle, and the barns which by ordinary Southern standards are truly enormous, there are

COMMON GROUND

other tangible evidences that Belvidere is an unusual community. Take, for example, the knotty weather-grayed poles which carry electricity to the various farm homes. They are obviously many years old and follow the earlier winding roads, in contrast to the new TVA rural electrification lines of the region, which march straight along the main highways. Those old power poles tell the story of the Belvidere farmers who did not wait for the REA or TVA, or even an enlightened power company, but who more than twenty years ago cut the longest timbers from their wood lots, built a line of over seven miles up to the edge of Winchester, and requested they be sold electric power. They got it, and became perhaps the first electrified rural community in the South.

The old black-top road which winds back and forth across the concrete of U.S. 64 tells another story of Belvidere's progressive spirit. By 1916 they had secured from the County Board a promise to build a hard-surface road from Winchester to their community. With the fine foresight of that day, county officials said the pavement would need to be only eight feet wide to take care of existing and prospective traffic. The farmers of Belvidere protested, without avail. And, rather than give up their conviction that the road should be sixteen feet wide, they subscribed voluntarily the money necessary to build the extra eight-foot width.

Not all community enterprises at Belvidere have been successful, however. Lacking a sufficient volume of milk to make it pay, a co-operative creamery, set up in the '90s, had to be abandoned. Subsequently a creamery was established at the county seat, and with better roads and a larger area to draw upon it has succeeded.

The two mutual insurance companies, on the other hand, have been highly successful. The first one, for fire protec-

tion, was started at Belvidere in 1916. It has operated continuously since that time and today insures over a million-dollars worth of farm property throughout the county. Encouraged by this experience, they set up a mutual life-insurance company a few years ago. Today it has over 1,800 members, who pay one dollar apiece each time a member dies. You may point out the failure of other mutual insurance companies or argue that risks are not spread over a wide enough base, but you can't discourage the canny farmers of Belvidere or their neighbors in other parts of the county. Theirs work.

Close association and intermarriage with old-stock American families have long since destroyed most vestiges of a "foreign colony." When Henry Warmbrod meets Emil Kaserman, his school desk-mate of 65 years ago, they may talk a little in the Low German spoken by Swiss peasants of the early 19th century, but that is chiefly a ceremonial warming-over of old memories by men who rarely see each other. Among the few surviving sons of the original immigrants, Warmbrod, at 75, is still working his farm, while Kaserman, at 78, is a retired college professor living in Knoxville.

The Kaserman lands, which were expanded to include over a thousand acres of mountain timber, have been sold. The older Kaserman brothers who remained on the land died childless, and their sisters long ago moved to neighboring towns. Emil, who had a leaning toward scholarship, taught science in various colleges and universities in the South and West. While he was in college, he left the Reformed Church and became a Southern Baptist. For a wife he picked an East Tennessee girl of English descent. His city-bred sons took to city occupations, and one of them, another John Kaserman, is an engineering draughtsman with the TVA.

COMMUNITY IN CLOVER

Henry Warmbrod, by contrast, lives in the house his father built and farms the fields his father tended. He married Lena Amacher of another Swiss-immigrant family in the community. Most of their eight children graduated from the University of Tennessee, some of them going on to careers in the city, others returning to the farm life of Belvidere. Parents and children alike have been continuously active in the church and community affairs started by the original immigrants.

The Kaserman and Warmbrod families symbolize two parallel trends in the life of Belvidere. In many rural communities, however, cityward migration is draining off so many of the most vigorous and intelligent that there is a serious deterioration of rural life: increasing tenancy, absentee landlordism, disintegration of church and other community groups, and a general lack of able local leadership. No such deterioration is evident at Belvidere.

In an area where tenancy is on the increase, the farmers of German-Swiss descent, in almost every case, own the farms they operate. None has been on relief, and their farms tend to stay within the family.

The Evangelical and Reformed Church is still the central institution at Belvidere, with a membership of over two hundred, as high as it has ever been. Defying the adage that churches are women's organizations, the Sunday School has three classes for men over twenty-one, and there is an active club called the Church-

men's Brotherhood. During the past spring, several men volunteered their labor to lay a new hardwood floor in the auditorium and to install a basement furnace. The program for young people is particularly successful. The Sunday School classes frequently hold the highest attendance records among the churches of the county. The Girls' Missionary Guild and the Christian Endeavor are flourishing auxiliary organizations, and under church sponsorship there are periodic socials and entertainments. On the edge of the church grounds are a much-used tennis court and a croquet yard.

The church still binds together the community—young and old. Henry Warmbrod, whose memory goes back to the beginning, puts it this way: "When our parents came here they faced an uphill fight, taking this worn-out land and trying to build it up to where it would be productive. They were strangers and foreigners. By themselves there's probably not a family that could have made it alone. But in their church they had a spirit, when you get right down to it, that enabled them to succeed. Our young people of the third and fourth generations are carrying on that spirit still."

A native Tennessean, Landrum Bolling is associated with Arthur E. Morgan as Vice-President and Manager of Community Service, Inc., a newly-formed research organization in the field of local government and community problems.

POLONIA TO AMERICA

ED FALKOWSKI

My father's father was a Polish peasant. He had the peasant's dim sense of wonder and aloneness, building himself an inner world in which he lived with claim to few friendships other than that of the charred brief-stemmed pipe which clung in his mouth as if grown there and from which there curled an incessant smoke.

Letter-literacy had not pried open his mind to the magic of the written word. He saw life as tangible fact of earth and weather, of early rye in the field and a crop of fall potatoes, of money or no money in the purse. Its horizon now dwindled to the scope of a bin of winter wheat, now stretched beyond the world's rim where the sun dropped each day like a great coin.

Life and death of seasons, the ebb and flow of human generations, the ever-renewing struggle to convoy yet one more crop through locust and drought to autumn fullness—this rounded out his world, held him rooted to his two morgs of dubious soil and the patriarchal ploughshares of the local Pan, a landlord whose holdings of field, forest, and stream made up a total universe that asked no questions nor answered any, but accepted as its due each new peasant generation born to work its soil.

Here the peasant lived unaware of history, his universe defined in fireside legend. Poland was a past greatness refusing to die beneath the monumental debris of events. Even after its partition, national consciousness revived in the warm music of its language, which lived on despite

Tsarist edicts. Polish patriotism thrived on oppression. Through a mist of retold legend the lowliest Pole cast a nostalgic glance at the renowned splendor of a Poland that was no more. He longed for its restoration. He envisioned it as a theocratic utopia where the humblest would find food and shelter in a warmth of seigniorial benevolence. Such was the Poland my grandfather conjured before us years later as he sought, from time to time, to kindle in us a sense of Polish patriotism.

Upon this consciousness, the dream of America broke in rumor and letter, a vast promise making luminous a twilight of resignation and unfighting despair. There had gone forth from this village of Osiek in the Russian-Polish province of Polock numerous young men who now sent back word from Chicago, Buffalo, Scranton, Milwaukee, telling of new-found hope and well-being, of rediscovered dignity and self-worth.

The educated Pole commonly went abroad to Paris or London, where Polish culture was being established as the first of the great émigré cultures. But this world lay beyond peasant reach. His dream was rather of larders replenished, of crops secured from blight, of language beyond the pale of suppressing authorities, of children growing to a future instead of a past. He longed unconsciously to expel from his blood the torpor of an old fatalism.

My grandmother's brother, Uncle

Adam, had left Osiek for America in 1882, and from him there came a stream of letters. He had settled in Shenandoah, a bustling anthracite town in southeastern Pennsylvania, and had become a contract miner. Photographs showed him dressed as only a Pan in Poland could afford to be dressed: a long frock-coat dropping below his knees, a thick chain looping across his white vest, long starched cuffs peeping out of his sleeves. A thin mustache lent authority to his still youthful countenance. Osiek villagers regarded his likeness with baffled wonder. Could this be the same Adam they once knew as a boy tending geese beside the village pond? No one could recall anything remarkable about him! If he could make good in America, anyone could!

Yet I doubt that my grandfather had even the vaguest intention of leaving the Old World. Ancestral roots held him firmly to the soil from which he had sprung. Unadventurous, he hugged tightly the few certainties making up his world. But an untoward incident determined his future.

The local Pan decided one day to plough the common village pasture into private wheatfield for his own use. The men of Osiek raised their voices in protest. Such action, they argued, would violate the Tsar's edict of some years before, by virtue of which certain lands had been set aside for common use. But when the peasants attempted forcibly to dissuade the landlord's men from ploughing, gendarmes were summoned. Attempted insurrection was charged—a grave offense. My grandfather found himself among the suspects. He claimed to be innocent but did not feel overconfident in the fairness of Tsarist tribunals where the hypothetical rights of ex-serfs, particularly of Poles, might be concerned. He decided to leave at once for America, wife and son staying behind to await the outcome of his migra-

tion. The family livestock was sold to raise his passage, and Uncle Adam's address was sewed carefully in his clothes.

The year was 1886.

My grandfather never told us the details of that momentous journey. He was a man of few words, not given to dissecting his experiences. Unable to read even his own tongue, he managed to find his way to the hard-coal fields, and settled at Audenried, near Hazleton, where he found work on a railroad section and boarded with a Hungarian family. To his wife and son in Osiek he sent a ten-dollar bill each month for the next three years—until 1889, when he went back to Poland to bring them with him to the New World, this time proceeding to Shenandoah where Uncle Adam was.

The '80s and '90s saw a flood-tide of immigration to America from eastern Europe. Industry was booming; work was plentiful. Sprawling cities of steel, coke, and coal resounded suddenly with a babble of unfamiliar tongues—Polish, Lithuanian, Hungarian, Italian. Beneath a never-lifting smoke canopy the immigrants of every nation groped forward into the unknown. They had left behind them the meager certainties; now, uprooted, they faced a mighty but undefined future. Many recoiled in bafflement and fear. They fell back upon the traditions of their past as protection from the unknown: in the heart of American towns and cities they formed communities of their own.

The Poles spread out thickly over the South End of the town, taking over the craggy abutments along the railroad tracks known as The Rocks. They left the First Ward to the hegemony of the Lithuanians, the West End to the Italians, the decrepit alleys in the rear of the meat-market to the Hungarians.

Out of the yearning for some kind of

COMMON GROUND

communal self-sufficiency, Polonia was born—an independency of Polish saloons, groceries, private banks, steamship ticket agencies, undertaking parlors. Polonia was made to meet every normal need of the Pole as Pole. Here, from all three separate divisions of European Poland, they came together in a common cause and tradition. The Catholic church provided the moral cohesive for the community. Its Polish priests were usually ardent and boldly articulate patriots, and to them the unlettered Pole turned instinctively for leadership and guidance. He learned to spend considerable time dreaming around the rekindled fires of an Old World patriotism. Many a Pole imagined himself an exile from the Old World rather than an immigrant in a new. He dreamed of returning to Europe one day to spend the sunset of his life in a free, ideal Poland.

A great deal has been written about the failure of American communities to absorb and assimilate the foreigner. And it is true that in the anthracite regions no prepared welcome awaited him. But the Pole often found the substance of his new-found freedom in this absence of any directed effort at assimilating him. He had just come from lands whose governments pursued policies of forcible de-Polonization. It made him only more staunchly a Pole. But Polonia could give him release from the old pressures. It was a miniature world-within-a-world where he could speak his beloved tongue, sing his ballads, attend his rites, join his lodges, cherish his faith in the ultimate rising-up-from-the-dead of his Motherland across the sea—and still reach out cautiously and tentatively into the New World about him.

Within the bounds of this Polonia my grandfather lived and died. I doubt that in his thirty-some years of life in America his English vocabulary expanded beyond ten or twelve elementary expressions. Citizenship and community had little mean-

ing for him. Even in America, as he saw it, the Pole was the outsider looking on. He remained to the end the self-derogating peasant, grateful for the better food and clothing he now had, generally unconcerned with problems beyond his immediate ken. He knew his way about Polonia; America was strange, an unknown country into which he rarely ventured.



He found work in the mines too hard and got himself another job as slate-picker in a coal-breaker two miles east of town, a job he clung to until his aging legs refused to carry him across the mountain any longer.

As a child I spent hours sitting beside him during his long, unbroken meditations. He puffed on his briar to hold at bay the mosquito swarms that whined about us those muggy April evenings. The outward scene was unexalting: toilet houses, clothesline props, coal shanties, a water hydrant, buttocks of neighboring houses, a jigsaw of back fences, and, jut-

POLONIA TO AMERICA

ting above like a sharply pointed slate pencil, the spire of St. Stanislaus, whose chimes often stirred the air with beatific overtones from another far lovelier and less strenuous world than this.

On winter nights he sat before the glowing coals of the kitchen stove with his inseparable pipe, while his felt boots warmed in the baking oven for next day's overhill trek to work. He spent hours at night in bedtime prayers, kneeling before the saints whose pictures adorned every wall.

There lived in him the old spirit of resignation. The meaning of his life had summed itself up in his one tremendous decision to break loose from the Old World. The effort had drained him of further energy. He was through. Let others carry on.

Yet he never completely withdrew from an interest in what was going on. His leap from one world to another opened up some new curiosities, stimulated in him a vague awareness of the importance of public events. He wanted to be read to from the newspaper, to be taken to the movies and have the plot explained, to be told the latest marvels of scientific discovery. All of which would make him shake his head as at some Aladdin tale. "I am of the dark people!" he would sigh, showing his calloused palms. "I got my learning through my hands instead of my head. . . ."

II

And what is America to his son—my father?

He unbuttons his heavy flannel shirt, unlaces his steel-toed safety shoes, the kind railroaders wear—for my father is now a railroad worker—and settles into his chair to his newspaper and cigar. He is sixty now, still vigorous of body, eager for a big day's work on his section. In him the need to work is a need of the

blood. He knows no torment like that of constrained idleness during shutdown or layoff. He is up at 4 a.m. as usual, to brew his coffee and thumb new pieces on the strings of his violin and see to the repair of his fishing rods. The pre-dawn hours are his chosen time for serious reading, too—occasional idle spells providing opportunity for a rare plunge into books.

When I urge him to tell me the story of his boyhood in Poland and the New World—he was fourteen when he arrived with his parents in Shenandoah—he shakes his head. "It's all bitterness and tears back there," he exclaims. "Why bring that up? America hasn't been bad to me once I knew how to find my way about. My family never knew a day without bread. But it's true I found America a tough land in the days when I was a 'greenie,' fresh from the old country. . . ."

After the older immigrants had got work in the mines and settled in their Polonia, their quest was over. They did not propose to penetrate into the vaster endeavors of America. But the children had to make their way in this strange, uncomprehended world to which their parents had brought them. My father recalls with bitter amusement how he went searching the collieries for a job in his old-country clothes—clothes that marked him an ideal target for the decayed vegetables, tincans, and stones employed by greenhorn-baiting boys.

"One day," he says, "I found myself cornered by boys of the Sheet-Iron gang, one of the toughest in town. I was in for it. I decided to fight. They formed a circle and thrust me into the middle, facing the biggest one of the gang. We went at it with everything we had till our faces were a bloody pulp and my eyes were closed. Even then I went on smashing him as hard as I could. I was licked, of course. But to my amazement the boys

COMMON GROUND

who a short time before had called me names were now congratulating me. They said I was 'game.' They insisted that I then and there be initiated into their gang—that is, just as soon as the inner council could decide the technical matter of whether a boy who still had on his old-country clothes might be eligible to full membership. . . .”

He found work in a coal-breaker, picking slate on the dusty side where pickers soon hacked coal dirt from their lungs and wore their eyes out trying to see through clouds of shaker-dust that made it necessary to keep oil lamps burning in broad daylight. The workday was ten hours long; the pay, \$2.68 a week. Payday came twice a month and Father was given 10 cents out of each pay to spend.

He soon sought bigger money in the mines. His first underground job was turning fan for miners in a hot-hole. Then he became door-boy and patcher and by natural evolution a mule-driver—of one mule at first, but working up in time to a team of four, the supreme test of skill. Laboring for a contract miner paid even better, so he became a mine-laborer, scooping coal in “buggies,” wrestling legs of pine and oak in place, drilling shot-holes, watching against sudden falls of rock or cave-ins of the sides.

Evenings he struggled with his English, seeking to exorcise a foreign accent. Eventually he rid himself completely of this obstacle, won a perfect fluency, and became proud of his command of the language. His recreation was a violin. “I got it to have some means of expression in a world that had taken away my one tongue and had not yet given me another,” he says. “Music was a universal language. Playing American tunes brought me closer to the America I longed to understand. It set up a communication between us.” He later became second-fiddle in a Polish wedding orchestra. Polish weddings were

carousing affairs lasting anywhere from two days to a week. The orchestra played in mine-patches as far from town as Cum-bola and Morea and Vulcan Hill.

In the spring of 1901 Father became an American citizen, receiving his last papers at the county courthouse in Pottsville. “The papers expressed the decision I had come to—that I was through with Poland and the Old World forever. What had we left behind but poverty and despair? The peasant Pole had been denied even the culture of his own past. He came to America bare-handed and illiterate, hungering for the finer things as much as for bread and a home. Throughout Old World history he had been but an element like the rocks, the trees, the soil—a *thing* rather than a *man*. He was there, and that was all. To the aristocracy he was something less than human—a pair of arms, an obedient back—nothing more.

“But America had given me a taste of freedom. I knew I would never again accept the past as we had known it. America was the starting point for new things. If you found yourself licked, it was at the end of the game and not, as in Europe, before the start!”

To become a citizen involves but a dry, technical procedure, says Father. It is a far different matter to become an American. That, he reminds us, requires years of thoughtful living, of sifting and re-sifting one's innermost experiences.

The immigrant's transition from the life of the soil to that of working in coal was a violent one. The Pole, like the others, accepted the mines and the heavy sense of fatalism that brooded over them like an invisible cloud. He made himself part of this world of mine-torn hills, gray culm, mountains touched by sumac and laurel to sudden unexpected beauty. He lived mines, dreamed mines; he often died in them, too, for accidents were common and

POLONIA TO AMERICA

immigrants the preferred victims. In the coal he mined, though he comprehended it only dimly, his sweat and blood became part of the great dynamic America beyond the coal-hills: driving engines, propelling ships at sea, melting ore, warming cities against bitter cold.

At the turn of the century a new and luminous experience was to make him



feel, for the first time, his real importance to and connection with that outside world. There had been current for some time intimations that unionism in the hard-coal fields was about to be revived. The anthracite past was strewn with the wrecks of unions that had risen up abruptly to a momentary gesture of defiance only to be pushed back to oblivion before the mine-owners' fury. The operators considered their position invincible. The ten-hour day might be overlong for exhausting toil underground; low wages might fluctuate with prices of coal; a miner might lose his life through negligent mine management and his widow and children be left with

no provisions for their future; he might be overcharged at the company store for his supplies: there might be any number of legitimate complaints. Yet the operators proposed to do nothing; there was no one big enough to challenge them.

But now union organizers began to reappear in the coal-regions, and unionism was once more a tensely discussed subject. Old-timers suspected the immigrants had been brought into the district to thwart the rebirth of a union. But when John Mitchell, head of the United Mine Workers, visited the region on one of his tours, even "foreigners" were found joining in the public ovations.

The growing union spirit received its crucial test in 1902—the year of the Big Strike. For six months not a mine whistle blew, not a wheel turned, not a wisp of steam went up from a boiler-stack. In an eerie stillness of silent shafts and unmoving breakers the towns and patches held out against the operators, each day adding steel to their resolution. It was the newcomer's first taste of unionism, of working solidly for a common purpose together with "Americans," and it thrilled him.

My father, who became financial secretary of the first Polish local in the town, describes the union as a "singing union." "We formed in solid ranks and marched down the valleys singing songs. We stopped at every mine on the way to pull out anyone still working." Pickets were stationed at every mine path to turn back would-be scabs. A trainload of strike-breakers arriving at the depot paled behind their coach windows at seeing the throng of silent, stern-faced strikers waiting to receive them: hospitality promised to be drastic. That fall Teddy Roosevelt resorted to his "big stick" in obliging the obdurate operators to give in. The miners won a nine-hour day, a pay boost, and other concessions—greatest of all, their right to organize.

COMMON GROUND

Through the strike the immigrant found a new kinship with America. Had not public opinion encouraged him to hold out in his struggle? Had not the White House itself turned its attention to his plight? Had not public statesmen



condemned the attitude of the operators? His sense of isolation melted away. No longer did the surrounding mountains separate him from the outside world. He was united through his work with the simultaneous efforts of a hundred million fellow-builders in the common effort of creating the new America.

His union hall became a local forum. A co-op replaced the company store. Union picnics, parades, dances brought new meaning to the former emptiness of his existence. No wonder he regarded the union as a thing sacred; that he hung Johnny Mitchell's picture on his wall beside those of his saints.

The union also ended many of the petty group squabbles that had so often

broken out in the town. Lithuanian and Pole, Hungarian and Italian—all had now a common purpose, a mutual interest to uphold. The immigrant began to perceive politics as an instrument that might be made delicately responsive to his enlarging sense of civic responsibility. He learned to appreciate the relationship between public events and his own place in life. The feudalism of hard coal was a thing of the past. The union had touched the miner's life with bright intimations of better things to come.

There were Polish immigrants who saw personal wealth as the be-all and end-all of life in the New World. They strove to acquire possessions. To get things looked easier than to build a new personality. Polonia was extensive enough to give prosperity to its businessmen; its votes sufficiently numerous to merit the attention of astute politicians. But my father felt no urge to strive for possessions. He remained a miner. "The coal dirt got in my blood," he said. "When that happens, a man stays a miner!"

But mining was not all of his life—not even, perhaps, the essential part. He delighted in study for study's sake and worked through courses in grammar, arithmetic, penmanship, and physics. He passionately loved the theater in days when the stock company still maintained it as a national institution. In the dramatics group of the St. Stanislaus parish he won fame as an actor. He undertook to produce a series of Polish plays for Church benefit, directing the players, seeing to the props, coaching the musicians, supervising the makeup, sometimes playing a lead besides. O'Hara's Opera House was jammed from orchestra circle to peanut gallery those Sunday nights when performances were given, and my father's local fame waxed great. He dreamed of a Polish theater founded on the soil of the

New World. He wanted to see America enriched by all the cultures of all the peoples who had come to make it their home—compost for the new culture of tomorrow.

His visions came to nothing. He remained a miner, dreaming of great theaters and great performances. Yet he never refers to those years as wasted.

"They were the years of my joy and my triumph," he says. "Nothing ever gave me the pleasure I got from work on a new play. In those years I lived."

The outbreak of the World War in 1914 saw a high fervor of patriotism sweep Polonia. Poland's hour at last had struck. Ardent patriots left to join the Legions in Canada. Collections were held, meetings, banner displays, anthem singings. My father staged a cycle of plays, the funds going to the Polish cause.

But the New Poland that came out of the War proved disappointing to many Polish Americans, including my father. It seemed little more than a Sienkiewicz legend enacted in living flesh, yet never quite detached from the printed page. Its highflown medieval pomp, its military arrogance seemed in sardonic contrast to the fate of its ordinary citizen. Returning veterans from the armies of Haller and Pilsudski told sordid tales. Disillusionment gripped Polonia. Many gave up their dreams of going back to Poland to spend their declining years. An interest in Old World politics continued, but its contortions were studied with a new detachment. The nostalgic Pole-in-exile was passing; becoming manifest was the Pole-as-American.

III

And what of my father's American-born offspring?

He now had wife and family—six children, four of them boys. They learned

to speak Polish brokenly or not at all. In their younger years they obediently presented themselves at the Sokol's Hall for physical drill, at the parochial school for catechism, at the altar-rail for Holy Communion. But they took a keen and growing interest in the Boy Scouts, followed faithfully the antics of Happy Hooligan and the Katzenjammer Kids, read Horatio Alger and Oliver Optic, enjoyed John Bunny and Ford Sterling and Broncho Billy on the screen, and never missed a new installment of Pearl White and Paul Panzer in *The Perils of Pauline* and *The Exploits of Elaine*. Oh yes, they knew something of Jan Sobieski and Thaddeus Kosciuszko, too, but were apt to be far better informed on the relative League standings of the Athletics and Giants. And when Uncle Sam got himself involved in the World War, they knew his Army wasn't going to be licked.

This generation, of which I am a part, never had to face the problem of pulling away from Polonia. We had never properly belonged to it. To us it was a slowly decaying world of aged folk living largely in a dream. One day it would pass and then there would remain only Americans whose forbears had once been Poles.

But many of us have had to face a bitter struggle of a different kind. Immigrant parents often thoughtlessly sacrificed their children's future to the exigencies of their own survival, sending them off to jobs when they should still have been in school or college. The handicap lay with particular weight upon those sensitive enough to appreciate the rich expanses of activity lost to them. But even so—what would it have been like in the Old World, where a couple of winters made up a life-time of formal education, and aspiration to higher achievement was practically unknown?

I got my first job in a coal-breaker at fifteen and gained what education I could

COMMON GROUND

by self-directed study at night. I once got a scholarship from the miners' union, which gave me two years in a labor college, and in 1928 had the good fortune to go as an exchange work-student to Germany where I spent more than two years working in mills and mines. I found jobs in other countries, too, eager to make the most of my stay in the Old World and of my opportunities to learn how the common man in Europe was making ends meet.

I naturally looked forward to visiting Poland. Would the experience cause a stirring of the deeper emotions? Would it waken me to a sense of mystic reunion with the soil of my ancestors?

I visited the mine country of the Dombrowski Basin and around Kattowice and Krakow. The poverty in the towns and villages distressed me. I read in too many faces that stare of hopelessness I had so often known in the expression of the defeated immigrant at home. Only here the gleam of hopeful anticipation was wanting. The air was heavy with a sense of overhanging doom. There seemed an inescapability about the plight of these people that made for despair and inner stagnation. The old fatalisms were still there. "America . . . ?" Eyes popped at the word. It brought a flicker of forgotten hope. Yes, Poland might be "free"—but I found the common man still dreamed of one day going to America!

Pacing the deck of the ocean-liner bringing me back to the New World, I felt, with each mile I drew closer to New York, a strange intoxication take hold of my blood and senses. Soon I would be home again! But home to me would be

no one defined spot of earth, no one particular house, no one collection of familiar faces. It would be bigger and infinitely more inclusive. It would be the language that bound me with strange and undis-severable cords to all who spoke it; it would be the warmth of memories, impressions, hopes, feelings, loyalties without meaning elsewhere than on my native soil; it would be the sense of belonging—for weal or woe—to some one place on this earth. In Europe I had been everywhere a guest, a traveler from whom a perpetual gesture of self-explanation was looked for. Now I could drop this stage manner and be myself.

"Ah, you won't recognize America!" a deck companion assured me, upon learning how long I had been away. He spoke of crisis, unemployment, bitterness, the end of the American Dream.

I knew that America had, during my long absence, changed profoundly—that my companion might be right. But, I reflected, what adult can afford to seek forever the lollipop of an easy bliss? Whatever its fate, it was also mine.

Would I discover an America struggling out of the ruins of a broken dream? What turn would its destiny take now as war clouds once more darkened the human horizon? I did not know. I only knew under the steel-gray of that late October sky that I had on this earth but one home.

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THE CANADIAN AMALGAM

WATSON KIRKCONNELL

ON the 1st of January each year, the Free Press of Winnipeg, Canada, prints on its front page its New Year's greetings in 67 languages. That is an index of the complexity of the country's linguistic background. If one includes all the Indians and Eskimos, the total number of languages spoken in Canada will rise to about 100. Their distribution, however, is very unequal, for some 50 non-European languages are spoken by 200,000 Indians, Eskimos, and Asiatics, while another 50 languages, of European origin, are spoken by the 11,000,000 other inhabitants. English is the official language in all provinces except Quebec, where French and English are guaranteed equal rights.

The most fundamental difference in population between Canada and the United States lies precisely in this special position of the French-Canadian. The United States is in theory a unilingual country, with English as its sole official language of education. In Canada, on the other hand, the treaty terms by which, in 1763, England took over the region from France, safeguarded for all time the language, religion, and culture of the French colonists; and these colonists, through simple natural increase, today number about 3,300,000, or almost 30 per cent of Canada's population. A dominant Catholicism has little sympathy for modern France and likewise dreads the secularizing trends of "Americanization." The French of Canada have thus developed a strong nationalistic spirit of their own, re-

serving their most passionate loyalty for their own local culture and for that valley of the St. Lawrence River in which they have dwelt for upwards of three centuries. Loyalty to the British crown has been cherished as a protection alike against the inroads of American secularism and against any possible diminution of French-Canadian rights by a non-French majority.

The Canadians of Anglo-Saxon origin constituted 60.55 per cent of the population in 1871 and gave the country its dominant tone for the next half-century. By 1938, however, the Anglo-Canadians had dropped to less than one-half of the Canadian total; and, if present trends continue, they will be only 40 per cent of the total by 1971. Already by 1931, only 14 per cent of the Anglo-Canadians had been born in the British Isles, and the great Canadian-born majority of them had begun to develop a sense of Canadian nationality, intensified by the virtual independence that had now been conceded by Britain. Along with this constitutional independence, there was at the same time an even greater spontaneous loyalty to the British crown and tradition.

Since the beginning of the 20th century, the precarious balance between the French and the Anglo-Saxon communities in Canada has been complicated further by large-scale immigration from Europe, especially in the period 1901-14. The major European-Canadian groups, with their approximate strengths, are as follows: Germans, 600,000; Ukrainians, 300,000; Scandinavians, 250,000; Jews, 170,000;

COMMON GROUND

Netherlanders, 160,000; Poles, 150,000; Italians, 110,000; Russians, 60,000; Finns, 45,000; Magyars, 45,000; Czechs and Slovaks, 35,000; Rumanians, 30,000; Belgians, 30,000; Greeks, 10,000; Yugoslavs, 10,000; Lithuanians, 6,000; and Bulgarians, 3,500. The present total of all the newer European groups in Canada is about 2,300,000, as compared with 3,300,000 French-Canadians, and 5,400,000 Anglo-Canadians. As already noted, Asiatics and Indians total fewer than 200,000. Negroes are negligible, at fewer than 20,000.

Religious differences further complicate these national groupings. Protestant sects in 1931 totalled 5,700,000; Roman Catholics, 4,200,000; and other groups, including the Orthodox Church and the Jews, amounted to 400,000. Of the Protestants, 4,700,000 were Anglo-Saxons, 900,000 were Europeans (chiefly Germans, Netherlanders, and Scandinavians), and fewer than 100,000 were French. Of the Roman Catholics, 2,800,000 were French, 700,000 were Anglo-Saxons, and another 700,000 were Europeans (chiefly Italians, Poles, Czechs, Slovaks, Magyars, Ukrainian Uniates, and Yugoslavs). The French-Canadians were predominantly Catholic (97.3 per cent), and the Anglo-Canadians almost as decidedly Protestant (87 per cent). The European-Canadians have not altered the balance of forces greatly, as they show only a slight numerical inferiority of Protestants (45 per cent) to non-Protestants (Catholics, 35 per cent, Orthodox Church, Jews, etc., 20 per cent). Generally speaking, however, there is a much higher birth-rate in the Catholic communions, and the present trend is very strongly toward Catholic preponderance within the next two or three decades.

Implicit in the foregoing figures is a formidable problem in nation-building, full of dangers yet pregnant with splendid possibilities. Anxious patriots sometimes

fail to realize the enrichment of individual and national life that can come from the existence of diverse cultures in a single state. On this point, the late Lord Acton, in his *Essays on Liberty*, has made some wise observations:

"If we take the establishment of liberty for the realization of duties to be the end of civil society, we must concede that those states are substantially the most perfect which include various distinct nationalities without oppressing them. Those in which no mixture of races has occurred are imperfect; and those in which its effects have disappeared are decrepit. A state which is incompetent to satisfy different races, condemns itself; a state which labors to neutralize, to absorb or to expel them, destroys its own vitality; a state which does not include them is destitute of the chief basis of self-government."

The Anglo-Canadian, who sees his former ascendancy in numbers vanishing steadily, ought, therefore, to view the future, not with angry dismay but with a sober sense of what the country can achieve if he gives sane leadership to what is still politically the dominant group. In each smaller community, there is a comparable place for cordiality and enlightenment toward others. The very diversity of Canadian elements is the condition out of which (granted a unity of allegiance) a vital national life may well emerge.

In the past, Canada's national life has been very derivative. That of the French-Canadians has been largely an arrested development of the Catholic provincial traditions of 17th century France, cut off from all the outer ferment of the 19th and 20th centuries and deriving its main strength from the soil and the frontier. Shrewd, thrifty, pious, fecund, indefatigable—it was all this, but yet tended to exist in a provincial semi-vacuum, whose thin intellectual atmosphere was chiefly

THE CANADIAN AMALGAM

legal and ecclesiastical. The Anglo-Canadian culture, on the other hand, began as a somewhat conflicting mixture of Scotch, Irish, and English traditions; but in more recent years proximity to the United States has resulted in the ubiquitous spread of U. S. American institutions. The Anglo-Canadian has shown little initiative of his own, and he has been very susceptible to the social innovations of his American neighbors. From them he has imported his service clubs and his service stations, his "hot dogs" and ice cream cones, his jokes and slang and comic strips, his jazz, his magazines, and his style of journalism, his baseball and basketball, his college life (with its fraternities, class yells, and all the minutiae of strange undergraduate behavior), and even a commercial saints' calendar (Father's Day, Mother's Day, Apple Week, Book Week, Eat More Fish Week, National Canned Tomato Week, and the like). In the elementary and secondary schools, however, the curriculum has had a definitely British orientation, and hence most Anglo-Canadian poetry has revealed marked influences from Tennyson, Keats, and Felicia Hemans. Recent fiction, on the other hand, generally written with an eye on the New York magazine market, shows a greater awareness of U. S. American movements. The Anglo-Canadian tradition has thus displayed little independent vitality. It has been predominantly Protestant, somewhat Puritanical, with a strongly democratic and individualistic sentiment derived from Britain and fostered by frontier life. This individualism has also favored a predominantly capitalistic economy, normally averse to socializing change.

It was vaguely assumed by the Anglo-Canadians, into whose provinces the great bulk of the newer European immigration flowed, that these strangers would soon be assimilated to the Anglo-Saxon tradition and would help to maintain a non-French

majority in the Dominion. The results have been a little disconcerting. The newcomers have certainly learned English (rather than French), and their children are already beginning to distinguish themselves in school and university. On the other hand, they have tended to maintain a foreign-language press, foreign-language church services, and other community activities of a purely group nature. There is sometimes, also, a hangover of European bitterness toward other nationality groups in this country. Recent developments in Europe have also given rise to unscrupulous attempts by Germany and Italy to mobilize Nazi and Fascist organizations in Canada; and this has had most unhappy reactions on the country as a whole, tending, especially in the eyes of the Anglo-Canadian and the French-Canadian, to brand the whole of the German and Italian groups as treasonous and subversive.

With the entry of Canada into the present War in September, 1939, all these social forces were, for good or evil, brought to a sharper focus. Progressive revelation of the successful use by Germany of a fifth column in many European countries, coupled with a realization of the effrontery with which the Bund and similar sets of political gangsters had been operating in Canada, gave rise in the Anglo-Canadians to a widespread spirit of suspicion and ill will toward the European-Canadians as a group. This hostility is being steadily tempered and dissipated, however, by a growing knowledge of the very real loyalty of all national groups. The French-Canadians, after an interval of considerable hesitation, now regard the struggle as one that involves the future of the Christian faith; and their spiritual leader, Cardinal Villeneuve, is second to none in his vehemence against the aggressive paganism of Hitler. The Anglo-Canadians regard the issue as one in

COMMON GROUND

which they are fighting for the very survival of free institutions, not merely in the British Commonwealth of Nations but also in North America as a whole. Our Canadian Scandinavians, Netherlands, Belgians, Magyars, Jews, Czechs, Ukrainians, and Poles see that the only hope of freedom for small nationalities in Europe lies in the overthrow of the Nazi power. Even the majority of our Germans and Italians now repudiate the present regimes in Germany and Italy. The small but active organizations of the Nazis, Fascists, and Communists have been declared illegal and their leaders interned; and, in the meantime, even on a voluntary basis, the European-Canadians as a whole have been taking a loyal place in the national effort.

There is thus a possible silver lining to the present storm-cloud of war. Along

with the wholesale sacrifice of wealth and man-power, there goes an opportunity for realizing a closer fraternity within the nation. The greatest historical force moulding national unity is the sharing of common experiences, through pain and peril toward ultimate achievement. The common remembrance of an epic conflict in which Canadians of every origin have fought and toiled side by side may well be the mortar that will bind them together into a nation that welcomes diverse cultures but finds its fundamental unity in a single high ideal of human welfare won by common sacrifice.

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HELLO, MR. FAIRBANKS!

AN EDITORIAL

How do you do, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks! We greet you in English, since we want to be nice to you, and should we greet you in Spanish you would not understand.

You arrive in Buenos Aires and drink "good neighbor" whisky in a friendly atmosphere. You visit our capital city, and you return to the White House to tell Mr. Roosevelt: "Dear Mr. President, the Argentines like us very much, but they get angry because we send them pictures of sophisticated gauchos. As for the rest, all is well." And you will have told him the truth, but not all of it.

Out of every ten Argentines, nine of us admire your country and its great pilot, Mr. Roosevelt. We wish to co-operate enthusiastically in a great effort toward continental unity. But we refuse to accept all the forced machinery of a rediscovery of Latin America, which puts the formidable technical and financial power of American movies, radio, and press at the service of a sudden continental conquest.

And we consider it our duty to advise you, Mr. Fairbanks, on the dangers of such a violent trend toward "good neighborliness": the danger of shocking and hurting the goodwill you wish to gain.

When the American moving picture industry makes good films with an Argentine background, with Argentine themes and actors, it will truly have shown its real love for Argentina . . . but it will have shaken the Argentine moving picture industry. When the short wave broadcasts of NBC and CBS, instead of being as now in the hands of Mexican and Cuban an-

nouncers who know nothing whatever about our country, are put in the hands of qualified Argentine announcers . . . Heaven help the Argentine radio industry! When more publications like the Spanish version of the Reader's Digest appear with Yankee publicity, then goodbye to the solvency of our national press!

We would prefer the exchange to be authentic: that you send us magnificent films in English, as you have done until recently, and we send you good Argentine films to show in Radio City; that instead of buying time in our broadcasting stations at prices very low for you, you give us American programs; that NBC and CBS send us periodically your great artists and we repay the courtesy by sending you our modest personalities.

Go back to your great and beautiful country with the most sincere, the most "gaucha" Argentine friendship. But tell your President, your industrialists, your business men, your newspaper men that Argentina wants to be a self-made nation.

And tell them we shall welcome with open arms every expression of North American culture, so long as these are expressions of North America herself and not of a Latin America "Made in the U.S.A." By the same token, we shall send your country our own national image, shaped in the ingenuous mold of our young, but nonetheless unmistakably Argentine, culture.

Reprinted from Sintonia, Buenos Aires.

THE PEOPLE RESPOND

RUBY BLACK

THREE days after the blowing up of the *Maine*, which precipitated the Spanish American War, Luis Muñoz Marín was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico, under the Spanish flag.

Forty-two years later he was destined to head an experiment in democracy unique in the world. He was to prove that a political leader who believes in the people can win an election even in an impoverished Spanish American colony, without benefit of sugar money or Washington backing. He was to prove that when one goes to the people with the democratic idea, the people respond.

He is the son of Luis Muñoz Rivera, the "George Washington of Puerto Rico," who, shortly before the American occupation of the island, had won its autonomy from the Spanish government. When the fruits of victory were snatched from his people just as they were about to taste them, Muñoz Rivera did not give up his struggle. He sought to unite Puerto Ricans to carry on the work for freedom and democracy, and later became Resident Commissioner of Puerto Rico in the Congress of the United States.

Thus his son, Muñoz Marín, spent his early years in Washington, learned English, studied in Georgetown University from 1912 to 1916, and worked in his father's Congressional office. He also sent occasional contributions to his father's newspaper, *La Democracia*, wrote poems, and translated English and American poetry into Spanish, eventually con-

tributing to various United States newspapers and magazines.

On the day he became 21, he met, in New York City, a young poet named Muna Lee, a native of Mississippi who was brought up in Oklahoma, where her father had helped write the State's Constitution. Miss Lee's interest in Latin America had led her to learn Spanish, and a mutual friend thought the two bilingual poets should know each other. Miss Lee was doing confidential work for the Military Intelligence Bureau and the War Trade Board, and Muñoz Marín was founder-editor-owner of a Spanish-English literary monthly, *La Revista de Antillas*.

They were married the following July, 1919.

In the next few years, Muñoz Marín, living sometimes in Puerto Rico, sometimes in the States, held various official positions in Pan-American conferences, while Muna Lee worked in national and international feminist movements, wrote poems, and translated literature in English and Spanish. Miss Lee finally became director of the Bureau of International Relations of the University of Puerto Rico. They had two children, a girl and a boy, named Munita and Luisito. At intervals, young as he was, Muñoz was called to snap into life such liberal movements as there were in the island, and to edit his father's newspaper. Then, as the party or the paper grew powerful again, the old men took over and the young man departed, usually for the States.

THE PEOPLE RESPOND

In 1932, when Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected President of the United States, Luis Muñoz Marín was elected to the Puerto Rico Senate on the Liberal ticket. He recognized an opportunity for Puerto Rico in the New Deal in Washington and, although a member of the legislative minority, became a tremendous power in island affairs. But his power was wielded from Washington, where he had the ear and sympathy of highly-placed people, who listened to his story of the needs of the island, devastated by hurricanes, depressions, over-population, and absentee ownership. Because of him and the interest of the Roosevelt Administration, an excellent plan for the rehabilitation of Puerto Rico was initiated.

Then, suddenly, through the utterly irrelevant action of a fanatic in Puerto Rico and the equally irrelevant reaction of one Washington official—a story too long and complicated to go into here in detail—Muñoz Marín's power in Washington was wiped out. The reactionaries within his party took advantage of the situation to force him out of leadership. He did not run in 1936. The reactionaries and the politicians-for-profit-only held almost undisputed sway for four years.

But in 1938, with no money, no job, no party, no Washington backing, and with his newspaper, *La Democracia*, greatly deteriorated, with nothing but his belief in democracy and his determination to solve the overwhelming economic problems of the island, Muñoz went to the people of Puerto Rico. He began to organize *El Partido Popular Democrático* (the Popular Democratic Party).

To have a new party inscribed on the ballot in Puerto Rico, it is necessary to obtain in each of the 77 municipalities of the island enough signatures to the new party's petitions to equal 10 per cent of the number of voters in that municipality

in the previous election. Muñoz Marín designed a party emblem, the profile of a *jíbaro* (country worker) wearing the indigenous palm-leaf hat called *la pava*, and he circled it with the words, "*Pan, Tierra, Libertad—Bread, Land, Liberty.*" Some of his workers insisted it would take a 50-year educational campaign to win an election in Puerto Rico, that they could not even get the party inscribed in two years. But they got the necessary signatures.

Then Muñoz began his campaign for the 1941 election. As president of the party and candidate-at-large for the Senate, he went, with other candidates for the Legislature, to the most remote *bohío* (hut) on the steepest hill, and had a cup of coffee with the *jíbaro*. They plastered the island with signs saying "*Vergüenza contra Dinero,*" which literally means "Shame against money," but which really means "Self-respect versus money," because the Spanish mind figures a man cannot feel shame unless he has self-respect. Other signs in Popular Democratic Club headquarters said, "Here votes are not bought and elections are not sold." Muñoz told the people they could sell their votes for a couple of dollars on election day if they wanted, but they could not have "both justice and two dollars for a vote." "Take your choice," he shrugged. "Why do the sugar companies pay you for your vote? Because, if you elect their men, they can save several hundred dollars a year in wages they should pay you under the law—because their men won't enforce the law. Why do your children have an opportunity to go only through the fourth grade in school? Because you sell your votes to men who won't tax the big absentee owners enough to provide schools and teachers for your children."

Thus he—and many others with him—brought to the people in simple, homely

COMMON GROUND

terms how much their vote was worth to them. He would say, "If you had a sow, would you sell her for a few dollars, or would you wait for nature to take its course and sell four pigs?"

They published a little paper called *El Batey* and distributed it free to hundreds of thousands of Puerto Ricans, most of whom had never before had a newspaper in their homes. Copies were carried out by trucks to towns, distributed to waiting automobiles which took them as far as automobiles could go, then given to horsemen who carried them into the hills and finally gave them to *jibaros* who walked with them up the steep trails. All along the way, the paper was given out. (*El batey* is the spot in front of the worker's home where family and friends gather in the cool of the evening to talk things over or to play dominoes on Sunday. It is also the place at the sugar mill where the farmers wait for the chemical analysis of their cane and the pay for it: familiar places both.)

Meanwhile, the party held a big assembly, at which its program was adopted and committees named to draft it into bills for introduction into the Legislature. A mass meeting was called, at which the prepared bills were approved and improved on motion of the people. This drafting of a program by the people was no window-dressing: it was real. The overworked drafting committee, for example, forgot the bill for rural electrification, and, late though it was, and tired and hungry and sleepy as the delegates were, a farmer rose and demanded, "What about that bill for rural electrification?" It was produced in short order—and it is now law. The action of that farmer proved the effectiveness of another of Muñoz Marín's lessons in democracy. He always says, "Don't trust the politicians, including myself. Watch them every minute."

Then came the victory.

After election, Puerto Ricans pondered the implications. The defeated politicians and their business friends, accustomed to economic reprisals against the vanquished, were worried. Muñoz waited for two weeks after election, until both the jubilation and the fright had somewhat subsided, so that emotions could be cooler and minds clearer. Then he went to the people on the radio. Everybody listened, at home, in the public squares, at the roast-pig stands. He was not vindictive, not vainglorious; he was humble. He mentioned only two names. One was P. Juan Serrallés, owner with other members of the Serrallés-Wirshing family of vast cane lands, sugar mills, the larger of the island's two sugar refineries, airports, airplanes, bus lines, fleets of cars, palaces and theaters. P. Juan Serrallés had long been in the Senate, a Coalitionist. Now he had been defeated for re-election from the Ponce district by a *público*, the driver of a public car, who makes so little money he often can buy only one 24-cent gallon of gasoline at a time, after collecting five nickels from his passengers.

To Serrallés, symbol of the man of millions used to monopolize the life and destiny of a whole community, Muñoz pledged that "as a man and as a citizen, he will have from us the same real and profound respect which the Popular Democratic Party has for all men before God and before democracy; and his legitimate rights (as long as they are not illegitimate privileges) will have the same regard as the legitimate rights of all other men before God and before democracy."

To the other individual mentioned in the speech, Muñoz Marín also made a pledge: "We shall give all our co-operation to President Roosevelt and to all the peoples of America in defense of democracy. And so that this obligation can be carried out with the greatest vigor,

THE PEOPLE RESPOND

with the greatest effectiveness, it is necessary that our people understand, better every day, all the vast significance of this democracy which we are to defend. . . .

"The struggle of the people of Puerto Rico, creating democracy when democracy is outraged in a great portion of the world, leading men to have faith in themselves as men and as God's creatures—this is the invincible spiritual foundation of democracy—gives Puerto Rico, gives to our people, the privileged position of being in themselves a demonstration of the enormous strength of the democratic spirit, and of giving hope to many who, in distant lands beyond the seas, have been losing faith in democracy."

When Muñoz Marín was inaugurated president of the Puerto Rico Senate on February 10, 1941, he spoke of the "second stage in the democratic training of our people." "The first stage," he said, "which ended on the day when our people cast their votes, was one of explanation concerning the theory and nature of democracy and the practical consequences thereof. The second must be of example and demonstration. . . . The people have given us their votes to use for a term of four years: that is, they have made us trustees of their will that we may employ it to give power to their aspirations for justice. . . .

"The third stage in democratic training, the definitive stage, will commence at the moment when our people begin to notice in their lives the practical effects of the laws approved and the action taken by the Administration as a consequence of the popular will. . . .

"On some board of the wall in every *bohío* in Puerto Rico and in every home in Puerto Rico," he said, "there should be a place for each citizen to note down the names of those of us who are obstacles to the carrying out of the will of the

people and to the passing by this Legislature of those measures of justice and betterment for the people, for which the people voted in the election. . . . Within four years, each man and each woman, each citizen, should vote as that board on the wall of his or her home directs; according to the notes he or she has



written. The board will say who was willing to promote justice for them and who attempted to delay or destroy such justice. If the people fail to watch their government in this manner; if the people fail to note down the willful obstacles that have stood in the way of justice for them; if the people fail to be guided by the result of that watchfulness—that notation—then the people will be failing to make their full contribution to the practice of democracy, the fundamental bulwark of justice for them."

In this inaugural address, too, Senator Muñoz Marín made specific his pledge to President Roosevelt. He read a letter from the President, written in reply to his outlining the solemnly-pledged program of the party and offering to withhold any measure which the Administration con-

COMMON GROUND

sidered adverse to national defense. President Roosevelt wrote: "The purposes of the Popular Democratic Party as you have outlined them are highly praiseworthy and should result in vastly improved social and economic conditions for the island. I particularly appreciate your pledge of cooperation and assure you that this Administration stands ready to do all in its power to assist in finding a solution for the problems of Puerto Rico."

Then Senator Muñoz Marín said to his people: "One more point of supreme importance I must bring out: if any bill of the Legislature of Puerto Rico should be anywise prejudicial to the national defense of the United States—which amounts to saying the defense of democracy itself in America and in the whole world—no democratic principle can oppose an action of the Governor or of the President to make that bill void and without effect. The national defense of the United States is the defense of Puerto Rico and of many other peoples. . . . We would have no right here, even if we had therefore the unanimous support of the people of Puerto Rico, to expect the Governor or the President to approve by their signatures any bill which in any manner whatsoever could work an injury to American citizens collectively or to the hopes that the nations of the world have in democracy. Democracy, a vital and creative force, has not the power to commit suicide."

The Legislature passed all the bills which they had pledged themselves to pass in the pre-election referendum. The Governor (appointed by the President of the United States with the advice and consent of the United States Senate) vetoed only two of the fundamental bills: one to establish a commission on food and raw materials which would seek cheaper food (especially rice, flour, and meat), and one to create a system of medi-

cal care for low-income groups. The veto of the food bill was perhaps justified: it was a complicated measure and probably could not have been carried out in a world where shipping is scarce and perilous. Muñoz Marín, at any rate, did not assail the Governor for these vetoes.

But the way in the Legislature was not easy. The Popular Democratic Party had a majority of only one in the Senate, where there were 10 Popular Democrats and 9 Coalitionists. In the House of Representatives they had no majority: here there were 18 Populists, 18 Coalitionists, and 3 *Tripartistas* (another new party). The *Tripartistas* had decided to go along with the Popular Democrats in electing a Speaker and organizing the House, but to use their own judgment on legislation.

The first trouble came in the Senate. Muñoz became seriously ill with myositis, an inflammation of the muscles. As a protest against the rejection of certain nominations of judges who were Coalitionists, the 9 Coalitionists absented themselves from the Senate. That left no quorum, with Muñoz Marín ill, and legislation was balked. He got out of bed, wrapped himself in a coat and muffler, and went to the Senate chamber. All doors and windows were closed to protect him from the trade winds. His doctor sat beside him. The vast and talkative crowd was silent. After some bills had been passed, including the one to repeal the tax on salt, Muñoz Marín arose, apologized for having to keep on his hat, and made a short and dramatic speech. Its climax came when he said, "Nothing, *nothing*, NOTHING can paralyze the work of the Popular Democratic Party. While I have one ounce of strength in my body, I shall come to the Senate in spite of unavoidable pain, that the work of justice of the Popular Democratic Party shall not be interrupted." If the time should come, he went on, when he could not

THE PEOPLE RESPOND

attend to his duty as a Senator, then his mother, the widow of Muñoz Rivera, could take his place. And if the time should come when his mother could not be there, "the humblest countryman in Puerto Rico can occupy my seat in this Senate, and his vote will be exactly equal to my vote."

The Coalitionists returned to their duty.

Then came trouble in the House. Although the Tripartistas had usually voted with the Popular Democrats, two of them went on strike when the budget was brought in—not because they opposed the budget, but because they wanted to exact a promise of certain government jobs. The House was paralyzed.

Muñoz found the way out. "Why must the budget originate in the House?" he asked lawyers. "Oh, it must," they said. "But why? Just because it does in Congress, in Parliament, in the Legislatures of the States? Does the Organic Act say so? Does any law of Puerto Rico say so?" The lawyers found no law that required it. The budget was put through the Senate, and the failure to appropriate was placed squarely upon the absent representatives. They returned and the budget was adopted, without any political trade.

Now Muñoz Marín and his party are confronted with the tremendously diffi-

cult job of administering laws of a new kind: the insular law to implement the Congressional 500-acre enactment and find means to get the land into the hands of individual owners; the law revising the system of mortgage foreclosures; the wage-hour regulations for local industries not affected by Federal law; laws to wipe out illiteracy, to develop local industries, especially food industries, and to encourage local investment of profits; to improve the health, welfare, and educational work of the island; to revise the tax system.

The task will not be easy, for the obstructors will be many, both in the island and on the continent, and perfect administrators do not grow on every flame tree in Puerto Rico. But democracy is never easy; it requires unrelenting work, and it dies if it does not work. Muñoz Marín and those who labor with him know that. He constantly tells his people that if they do not feel a difference in their lives by the next election (1944), they should vote against the Popular Democratic Party.

Ruby Black, head of the Ruby Black News Bureau in Washington and author of Eleanor Roosevelt, a Biography, has been familiar with the economic and political problems of Puerto Rico since 1932.

TO THE SOUTH AMERICANS

ROBERT NATHAN

*Our hearts are not the same; their separate speech,
Sweet on one tongue, can wry another's mouth.
We in the north have a pine taste; we reach
For homely wood. You poets of the south
Have the tall palms, the coral colored shore,
The rubied mango, soft as sleep within;
Our fruits are cool of flesh and hard of core,
They have a wine of winter in their skin.
And so our hearts. But as the trees endure
Their annual seasons, and have great delight
In freedom's air, and in the sunlight pure,
Rising from earth into the heaven's sight,
Even so we, far parted and obscure,
Seek the same God, the freedom, and the light.*

*For Señor Verrissimo, who asked for
a message to the Brazilian writers.*

TONY AND AUNT SUSAN

MERRITT H. PERKINS

MY native town in New England is an old one—begun as an outpost to protect frontier settlers during the French and Indian wars—and Main Street, for its full length except right in the center of town, is overhung with ancient elms. The Old Congregational Church and the public library stand at one end of the street, and at the other the shops begin.

Our shop made fine tools. It was not a large one—about twenty of us—but we were a cross-section of the workers usually found in New England shops thirty-odd years ago. There were Rice and Moody, the Englishmen, from down Boston way, who came to us with their personal kits of machinist's tools wrapped in oily canvas rolls and stayed with us longer than roving mechanics usually did; old man Roesch, the Swiss, who was more skilled than any of the others; "Red" Hayes, an Irish boy who nearly died of pneumonia one spring and quit later to become a policeman; Gene Desautels, a lively little French-Canadian; and a number of town boys whose people, in earlier generations, had owned the better farms up and down the valley. The Poles owned most of these farms now and grew onions and tobacco for a good market. It was only back in the hill country that the old families still clung to the farms; and they didn't do very well.

But this is not the story of the town and the valley, nor of "Red" and Gene. It is the story of Tony, who also came to us from Boston, where he had worked before;

or, rather, it is the story of Tony and his violin.

He was born in Austria and played as a boy on the banks of the Danube. I was nineteen when he came to our shop, and Tony was a few years older: stocky, black-haired, with an expression of mature confidence in his eyes but still much of a boy at heart. We worked at the same bench, and I suppose I must have been critical in attitude when he first came on the job, for my people had been in the valley for nearly a hundred years and there had long been talk among the old families about the "foreigners" who had taken over the farms and were now coming into the factories. But my first training in the shop had been under an old Yankee craftsman who insisted on a job being well done, and I had been taught to appreciate the quality of good workmanship. Tony was a good workman. He was friendly, too, and it was not long before we thought of him much as we had come to think of Gene—not one of us, exactly, but a good enough fellow as an individual and a competent man at the work-bench. He "did a good job."

We were working sixty hours a week then and there was not much time for recreation, but in mid-summer the long evenings allowed a few innings of baseball after the six o'clock whistle, and we ate later. Tony had not played much, but his eye was clear, and a crude strength in his arms and shoulders gave him a popularity at bat—if he was on your side.

COMMON GROUND

But, working day by day at the same bench, I came to know that Tony was troubled. There were few of his own people in our town and not many of other groups with whom he was at ease. His evenings were lonely. I can still recall the almost frightened shyness with which he asked me, after he had been in the shop for several months, whether I would come to his room of an evening to see some things he had brought with him from his homeland. It was then that I learned of his love for music.

Out of a growing personal friendship, I learned much of his life as a boy in Austria, the eldest of several children whose father was now dead; of his coming to America in the hope of better providing for his mother and his younger brothers and sisters; of his efforts to learn the language and the strange ways of a new land, and to master a productive trade.

But about his violin—

It was not a Strad, of course, but it was an instrument of good quality, and Tony gave it care that was almost affection. The touch of his fingering seemed to impart a gentleness to the responsive voice of the strings; and even in his playing of popular airs, there was something more than the catchy melody of the moment. He had a fondness for the score of the *Red Mill*, and it was this music that I first heard him play: but there was equal joy in his dance tunes, in his Austrian folk-songs, and in his gay bits from a Rossini opera; there was a deep and moving beauty in his playing of the *Good Friday Spell* from *Parsifal* which I have never forgotten—a recurrent prelude to renewed hope in difficult times.

As our town knew Tony better and heard him play, he became a favorite at dances and at other social gatherings where music was a part of the program. It

was at one of these gatherings—perhaps a benefit for some “cause”—that Aunt Susan heard Tony play *Deep River*.

“Wasn’t that lovely!” she said.

Music—or poetry—that pleased Aunt Susan was always “lovely”; but beneath her prosy expression there was keen appreciation of fine things in music and literature. She was distantly related to our family; but she was “Aunt Susan” to most of the town—at least the “old” part: a white-haired maiden relic of the valley’s past. She was proud of that past—as she was proud of her own Mayflower ancestry, of the Adams blood in her veins, of her membership in the D.A.R. And as the old friends and associates of her generation passed away and strangers and “foreigners” came to live in our town, Aunt Susan kept more and more to the old family home, owned by her father and grandfather before her, and lived there quietly with her memories and the family records.

Her memories were not of her personal life alone: there were ancestor memories which had become traditions handed down from other times when her people, moving inland from the first settlements along the coast, had cleared away virgin timber, broken stony ground, and fought the Indians as they built new homes on the advancing frontier. Tradition told of an early generation in which father, mother, and all of the children but one—a boy of five—fell in an Indian attack and were horribly tortured before they died; and the boy who escaped lived out a long life with only one hand. From later generations came memories of further hardship and toil which bound her people close to the soil and made possible the comparative peace and security of more recent times; times in which the shops had been built and the Poles had taken up the better farms, and many of the houses in the south part of town,

TONY AND AUNT SUSAN

where most of the "foreigners" lived, were allowed to suffer for want of paint, and broken pickets in what had been neat white fences were not replaced. These were some of the changes which caused Aunt Susan to keep more and more to the old family home.

She had known something of my friendship with Tony. She had approved what I told her of his skill and loyalty as a workman, but her interest in him began when she heard him play. I passed Aunt Susan's home on my way to work, and she would often ask me to stop in for dinner as I returned. "Come as you are," she would say. "There'll be nothing fancy, you know. I'll tell your folks you'll not be home till later." Then, one day, she asked if I'd like to bring Tony along.

In the year or two that followed, there was at first a strange, shy difference on the part of both Tony and Aunt Susan—two human beings with no common ground of experience. But, gradually, there came some measure of understanding.

It was the violin at first, for Tony loved to play in the simple surroundings of his room or in the home of a friend even more

than to a larger group. But that was not all. Aunt Susan found other traits in Tony to admire, and she came to be a guide to him when he was troubled.

Then he took "the spare room" at her home; and often, in the winter of 1916-17, that old house echoed with the music of many lands. Aunt Susan was happy; and sometimes I think the old place showed less signs of age. Spring came, and I would find Tony giving some little touch to the early garden as I stopped for him on the way to work.

The rest of the story is short.

Tony had become naturalized, and, with the declaration of war in April, he was one of the first to enlist. He was one of the first to fall. Aunt Susan lived a year or two longer; and to her death a candle burned at night in the spare room.

Merritt H. Perkins, a native old-stock New Englander, has lived most of his adult life in Denver, where he is a banker. This is his first appearance in a national magazine.

WHAT THE NEGRO WANTS

LANGSTON HUGHES

OFTEN in speaking with white friends about the so-called Negro problem, I am amazed at their lack of information concerning the failure of democracy in our regard. They in turn are often amazed to learn that the Negro is so badly and so generally ill-treated. Since, being a Negro, I do not rail and sweat and frown in anger, they seem vaguely to feel that things are not really very bad for us after all. And sometimes men of the best goodwill look at me and say, "Just what do you want?"

It would seem wise then to set down clearly and plainly what I and thirteen million other American Negroes desire. The things that I shall enumerate are basic and non-controversial; they are the things any self-respecting citizen of the United States desires for himself regardless of color.

First, we want a chance to earn a decent living. Even the most casual glance about you as you walk down the main street of any American city will show you that there are no Negroes employed as clerks in any of the shops you pass, none as tellers in any of the banks, none as motormen on the street cars or as drivers of buses. None as traffic cops. None in any of the working jobs that your eye can spot paying more than a minimum salary.

We are elevator boys, janitors, red caps, maids—a race in uniform, as far as your tour of the main street goes. In factories it is often the same story: a few Negro cleanup men who sweep out the trash un-

der machines, or a scattering of Negroes among the unskilled laborers. Employers will often blame the unions which, it is true, frequently raise the color bar, refusing to accept Negroes either as skilled workers or apprentices in the trades. But even where there is no union bar and many foreign-born workers are used, no Negro will be hired. And the employer, if pushed, will admit that he wishes to employ none, giving often, as a reason, that the white workers will not work with Negroes—a fact seldom true, especially in the case of the foreign-born who have not acquired the traditional American prejudice against color.

What we want then is, first, economic opportunity—the right to earn our money at any trade or profession open to other Americans. We want the chance to do, or learn to do, skilled labor in plants and factories alongside any workman of any other race, especially in the many plants now turning out billions of dollars' worth of defense orders with our Government money. We want no discrimination in Government employment or Civil Service after we have passed all the tests—except the test of being white. We want unionization not based on race, and we want laws making it illegal for labor unions to prevent any man from working or being unionized on account of race. Example in point, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the Motion Picture Operators, the Stage Hands, and many others. We do not want a Jim Crow Army in which

WHAT THE NEGRO WANTS

Negro units are officered largely by whites, or a United States Navy in which we may be only cooks and mess men.

Second, we want equal educational opportunities all over America. All schools supported by public funds should be open to Negro students whose parents, too, contribute to these public funds. In Mississippi twenty-five counties have no recognized high-school facilities for Negroes, and only one dollar is spent on Negro education—yet 51 per cent of the population of the State is Negro. We want equal pay for Negro teachers in the public schools. In certain states they are allotted only half the salaries paid to white teachers. We want all Christian schools open to us the same as to those of the white race, or else we want those schools to drop the word Christian from their catalogues. We want the right to study and teach anywhere that anybody else studies and teaches.

Third, we want decent housing. In the big cities we are very tired of living in the ancient abandoned sections deserted by the whites, for which we pay double rents. We are tired of residential segregation which prevents us from buying or renting where we choose, if we have the money to do so. We resent the ghetto system of the Black Belts and realtors' covenants which prohibit Negroes from purchasing lots at will. We resent being forced to live in slums and, because of color restrictions, being, therefore, at the mercy of landlords who can charge us what they choose since they know we cannot move. We resent not being able to get loans on our property, or loans for building or insurance after we build, simply because we are colored and live in colored neighborhoods. Street repairing, garbage removal, lighting, drainage, and other services in the Black Belts are the worst in the city, although we too pay taxes.

That is why, fourth, we want full participation in Government—municipal, state, and national. Only where we participate in Government have we any sure and effective way of remedying these unfortunate conditions. Therefore we protest gerrymandering and redistricting of neighborhoods to cut up and divide the Negro vote and thus prevent Negroes from electing their choice of representatives to city or state governing bodies. And in the South, we resent not being permitted to vote at all. For how can we fight bad housing, bad paving, bad sewage, and bad schools if we have no vote? And if, as in Texas, we cannot even belong to the Democratic party, the party that controls the State and all its citizens (of whom there are almost a million Negroes), how can we better our own conditions in a democratic way?

We want, fifth, a fair deal before the law. That means we desire Negroes on all jury panels, and that we be fairly called for jury service. We desire the right to elect judges (which means again that we must vote). We desire adequate legal representation. In some states, it is difficult, if not impossible, for a Negro to practice before the bar. We desire protection from police brutality, which is severe in Negro neighborhoods, and against which we often have no redress. We desire Negro policemen. In other words, we desire equality before the law, for otherwise the law imposes upon us—and seldom with majesty.

Sixth, we desire public courtesy, the same courtesy that is normally accorded other citizens. We desire polite service in the shops and at the gas stations and in restaurants and on the trains and buses. (Mexicans and other dark-skinned residents within our borders would appreciate this, too.) We wonder why, in the South, we are not accorded the courtesy of the customary "Mr.," "Mrs.," or "Miss" be-

COMMON GROUND

fore our names. Why should shopkeepers feel free to call us merely "Mary" or "Jim" or "Hey, you"? We, too, are Americans, and we try to use good manners toward others.

And, finally, we want social equality in so far as public services go. White people have it. And certainly, in their case, there is no law forcing people to invite anyone else to dinner if they do not care for his company. Nor is there any law forcing people to marry who normally do not wish to do so. We Negroes do not wish to force ourselves into the private lives of other people. But we do want the right to use, and be protected in the use of, all the public conveniences that other Americans may use: the municipal parks, play grounds, auditoriums, hospitals, and schools. We want the right to ride without Jim Crow in any conveyance carrying the traveling public. We want the right when traveling to dine in any restaurant or seek

lodgings in any hotel or auto camp open to the public which our purse affords. (Any Nazi may do so.)

We want nothing not compatible with democracy and the Constitution, nothing not compatible with Christianity, nothing not compatible with sensible, civilized living. We want simply economic opportunity, educational opportunity, decent housing, participation in Government, fairness at law, normal courtesy, and equality in public services.

There is nothing wrong in wanting these things, is there? If so, wherein lies the wrong?

There are thirteen million Negroes in America. We are men of goodwill seeking goodwill from others.

Langston Hughes is the well-known poet, whose autobiography, The Big Sea, appeared last fall.

Clare Leighton, English author and illustrator of The Farmer's Year, Four Hedges, Country Matters, and other volumes, has been in the United States the past two years and intends to become a citizen. The wood engraving, "Cotton Pickers," is the first of a series of illustrations for her new book, Southern Harvest, which will cover tobacco markets, sorghum mills, the cotton fields, share croppers, Tennessee farms, and similar glimpses of the American scene.



EVENIN' AIR BLUES

LANGSTON HUGHES

Folks, I come up North
Cause they told me de North was fine.
I come up North
Cause they told me de North was fine.
Been up here six months—
I'm about to lose my mind.

This mornin' for breakfast
I chawed de mornin' air.
This mornin' for breakfast
Chawed de mornin' air.
But this evenin' for supper,
I got evenin' air to spare.

Believe I'll do a little dancin'
Just to drive my blues away—
A little dancin'
To drive my blues away,
Cause when I'm dancin'
De blues forgets to stay.

But if you was to ask me
How de blues they come to be,
Says if you was to ask me
How de blues they come to be—
You wouldn't need to ask me:
Just look at me and see!

CARRIE KING BOWLES

FANNIE COOK

I SAW Carrie Bowles climbing the stairs, middle-aged, neatly dressed, her eyes hiding their protest behind dignified spectacles. She had come to our lecture because she was organizing child-training groups among her own people. Those of us who remembered the sequels to her many victories for her race, knew how quickly and how relentlessly she would disseminate through the colored community what she might learn here. But this was the wrong day!

And the last time she had come had been a wrong day, too. On that other afternoon our expert was talking about teaching children to be self-reliant. His little bag of tricks looked like a toy balloon next to the huge dirigible of the daily habits of Mrs. Bowles' people. Washwomen in our community leave home at seven in the morning, and in St. Louis washwomen are the main support of Negro homes. As a result, their children get themselves and each other ready for school, dividing scant food among many mouths, and clothing numerous bodies from a pool of misfit garments. These skills performed, small feet in big shoes cross whirling traffic centers, leaving toddlers at home in charge of babies.

When our professor-who-had-written-a-book pounded the table and shouted, "Don't over-protect your children!" Mrs. Bowles had looked at me and winked.

And now here she was again on a worse day! This time our expert was going to talk on the husband-wife relationship in a happy marriage. "He's going to talk about

overcoming frigidity in women," I said.

She buttoned up her coat again.

"Tck-tck!" I heard her mumble. "These white folks! These white folks!" Then she turned to me. "We pay to have kinks taken out of our hair; you folks pay to have them put in. You pay to have your children taught the Charleston; we cuff ours to make them stop it. And now this! Well, this is one problem we don't have to worry about. For once, we're ahead."

During the fifteen years I have known Mrs. Bowles, she has been a perpetual combatant in the battle for a better life for her people. She has battled, too, for a better life for white people. She struggles primarily for the colored race, not because she has Negro blood in her veins, but because she sees that Negroes stand at the tailend of the line of those hungering for social justice and that hurrying them along will inevitably speed the forward impulse of the whole process.

Her own outlook is raceless. She never petitions, never cringes, never dominates. She doesn't want white people to accept all colored people either as friends or co-workers. She believes they should be as discriminating when choosing from her group as when choosing from their own, thus increasing the chance for a successful relationship. She can work with those whose social outlook is so little like her own they believe every colored man and woman belongs in bondage. She comes out of conferences with them ostensibly unaware of their opinions, and they come

out believing Mrs. Bowles must be held an exception to their rule.

Among the colored citizenry there is, in her opinion, too much suspicion of each other, of colored leaders, of colored capacity to achieve. Yet she is ardently loyal to them. She knows the heroism involved in their successes, the martyrdom in some of their failures. She knows in detail the life of the washwoman who is the main support in many Negro homes, of the children who take care of Mama's younger babies while she washes, of the colored man caught first in the tornado of unemployment: she knows all about it. She knows why the light ones "pass" and how. She knows the Ph.D.'s running elevators, and what happens to their capacities and courage.

Yet her own life has been relatively free from hardships. She has never lived in extreme poverty. As Carrie King she was born in Selma, Ohio, a tiny town large with Quaker ideals. Its way of life was urbane, friendly, yet independent of the prejudices traditional in the region. During slave days, Selma had served as a station on the underground railroad. To practice a greater tolerance than their Southern neighbors was part of the pride of the village. Schools were not segregated. The inhabitants numbered only 300; yet Lucretia Mott had spoken there. The visit was talked of with pride during Carrie King's childhood.

She was born in 1873, the middle child of seven—members of the fifth generation of free colored citizens. Her father was a cook. She has German blood in her veins, and English. Selma, Ohio, taught her to be neither proud of the white blood nor ashamed of the colored. Freedom was an essential part of the only way of life she ever witnessed as a girl.

The sequence of her life has been undramatic. Brought up in the home of her grandfather, a blacksmith, she graduated

from high school in Selma, taught for three years in southern Illinois, and continued to study through correspondence courses, and once at Chicago Normal during a summer session. Her skill in the classroom and her interest in progressive techniques won for her a position as a teacher of methods in Texas Normal College. For the next seven years she lived in a state where race attitudes were far different from those she had known in Ohio. But she came to understand her persecutor better than he understood himself; she extended him an acceptance he denied her.

From Texas she went back to Illinois, this time to East St. Louis to teach English in the high school. The principal was Benjamin Franklin Bowles, a widower with several children. He had an unpromising attitude toward racial humiliations, and the dream of establishing a college for his people. She married him and bore him children. In later years friends couldn't remember which children were his, which theirs. Neither the children nor Mrs. Bowles ever behaved as if they remembered. She shared her husband's work, tempered his bitterness, and tried, not altogether successfully, to adapt his dream to the realities of their situation. Family burdens never made him too poor to maintain his subscription to the *Literary Digest*. That journal set the pace for their domestic life. From what appeared upon its pages, the dinner conversation was derived. At times the table was lightly served in order to pay for the subscription or books it made them buy.

This was their home, but Carrie Bowles did not permit her household to become her ivory tower. She became a vital part of each community she lived in, always organizing groups to carry on work which might keep the spirit of her people both vigorous and wise. In St. Louis she organized a chain of child-study groups for colored mothers, and the Booklovers' Study

Club, which shaped the cultural life of its members. For three years she served as Chairman of the Interracial Committee of the St. Louis League of Women Voters; for ten she was on the Public Schools Committee.

Earlier, while still a resident of East St. Louis, she had observed that social workers from the big city across the Mississippi invariably met defeat in their efforts to help the colored misfits of East St. Louis. She saw her people act out the kind of evasive silence which Porgy later immortalized, a technique brought from the plantations of the Deep South. With Carrie Bowles, to see was to act. She crossed the river to the Missouri side, and entered the central social-work agency in St. Louis.

"White social workers can't get anywhere with those people," she said. "They are in need of the help you are trying to give them, but they're too frightened, too timid, to speak up to white folks. Why don't you employ colored social workers?"

"There are none," the answer came.

"There would be if you'd train them, as you train the whites."

"White and colored may not go to school together, according to Missouri law," the woman in charge told her. "I can't run a class for fewer than ten students, and there aren't ten women in colored St. Louis with sufficient educational qualifications to enter the class."

The day was Friday.

Mrs. Bowles countered, "If I have ten colored women with unimpeachable preparation here on Monday morning, will you begin a training class that day?"

The woman agreed. Mrs. Bowles brought nineteen applicants besides herself. In their hands they carried evidence of college degrees in abundance. There was one difficulty: they lacked carfare for the daily pilgrimages. On the second day, Mrs. Bowles was tardy, but when she

arrived she carried money enough to cover all transportation expenses for the season. It had been donated by a white woman. A half year later when the fire and fury of the brutal East St. Louis riots, born of unemployment, drove 6,000 terrified refugees from Illinois into Missouri, 14 of those 20 women had completed the course in social work and were prepared to do a wise job of resettlement.

When the tornado of 1927 tore through St. Louis, Mrs. Bowles was living on the edge of its path. She heard her chimney tumble, her roof yawn, and her windows shatter; but she saw worse wreckage down the street. She was retired by now from paid work, but she hurried to nail boards across her own windows, and within a half hour was reporting at the Red Cross offices ready for service. They kept her at first as a volunteer, later as a paid worker for the 18 months necessary before the clean-up job was finished.

I have more often seen Carrie Bowles amused than angry at the capricious treatment white St. Louis extends to the colored tenth of her populace. "We may try on shoes and hats in your shops," she once said, "but not gloves. In your best—not in your cheaper—stores, we may even try on corsets. We may cook your meals and nurse your babies, but no downtown restaurant will seat us. We may act on your stage but are unwelcome in your audience. You're not consistent, you white folks, but we understand how it is with you. We know you so much better than you know us. Most colored people get into a good many white homes, as domestics or as chauffeurs or even as moving men; but few white people ever enter one of our homes." She was unruffled, able to smile.

But she is not amused by segregation. Although economic necessity seats her inevitably in the cheaper sections, she will enter no theater, no concert hall, no movie

house where she would not be sold a good seat, could she purchase one. She appeared in print saying: "I am opposed to segregation in any form. The pleasure one may receive from an evening's entertainment obtained through 'Jim Crow' seats in a theater could not possibly compensate for the humiliation."

Some years ago her daughter-in-law gave birth to a baby in a white hospital where the nurses and doctors customarily addressed colored patients by their first names. Mrs. Bowles sought out the chief of staff. "Doctor," she said, "I imagine you as a physician would consider yourself acting in violation of your duty, if you were knowingly to do anything which would interfere with the convalescence of a patient." To this, of course, he agreed.

"My daughter-in-law has been known as Mrs. Bowles for the past nine years of her marriage. She is called that by my son's pupils, by his teaching colleagues, by her neighbors, and by the salespeople in the stores. Before she married, she attended the University of Chicago and the University of Illinois. At neither place did strangers address her by her first name. Every time someone in your hospital calls her Dorothy, she is reminded of the bad race attitudes in St. Louis. I believe as a result she has less milk for her baby. What are you going to do about it?"

It was a challenge the chief of staff did not ignore. Thus, simply, Mrs. Bowles pushes back the frontier of prejudice.

Once I saw her do it with beautiful wit. A convention of the League of Women Voters was meeting in the city, and, as a member of long and active participation, Mrs. Bowles decided to attend the banquet. She relied on the invariable custom of the St. Louis League of explaining to hotels that the organization has colored members who quite possibly will attend and that the League will expect them to be treated just as everyone else.

This had been done; but when Mrs. Bowles, together with a colored friend, entered the lobby, both of them dressed not as maids but unmistakably as guests, someone ordered them to take the freight elevator.

Quietly, Mrs. Bowles stationed herself at the front entrance and explained the situation to those of us who were arriving; she added that she would go up only as the other guests were allowed to go. Quickly, white women in evening clothes crowded around the back elevator and demanded that the bell-hop, busily grappling with salesmen's baggage, take them up by the same route the colored members were told to go. He couldn't do it and get the trunks to the station in time. The manager appeared and remonstrated with us. Dinner was ready to be served. The lobby became intently curious and mildly amused. By this time, dozens of us were expressing our solidarity by demanding to go up in the same elevator with our co-worker. The management gave in. Mrs. Bowles and her friend, rode up, and later down, in a front elevator. We have rarely had any of our guests embarrassed since—a record St. Louis hotels and Mrs. Bowles both can view with pride.

The most severe test of Mrs. Bowles' opposition to segregation came when a new city hospital for colored people was to be built. Many years earlier, one building took care of our indigent white and colored citizens. Then, with the growing need for larger quarters and the sudden influx of large numbers of newly-urbanized Southern Negroes, a separate dilapidated building had been used as the city hospital for colored indigents. It was a fire-trap, known among the Negroes as the Slaughter House.

But when a bond issue passed, voting money for a new 3-million-dollar, 700-bed building for the exclusive use of the colored sick, Mrs. Bowles saw it as a civic

kindness which would inevitably entrench the habit of hospital segregation. The sole question before the administration was whether the new building should be placed, economically and efficiently, next door to the white hospital, or miles away on a plaza already flanked by a high school, a grade school, a special school for handicapped children, and an orphanage—all for colored people.

The latter position suited the general Negro citizenry because it would spare their people the day-by-day humiliation of being refused service in neighborhood restaurants, having their nurses and patients called by first names, and seeing their doctors remain helpers with little opportunity to attain the status of co-workers. Especially important, away from the white hospital, internships would go to colored instead of to white medical graduates.

Mrs. Bowles earnestly wanted all these benefits for her people, but she could not down her lifelong habit of opposition to segregation. She could not trade it for the benefits offered. Yet she saw that segregation in this instance offered important gains in the medical training of her people: this one hospital would place as internes more than half of all the colored medical graduates from the entire United States, and permit the practicing colored St. Louis physicians, excluded from other staffs as well as from the white medical society, to have a center for their own development. She never spoke her mind publicly on the subject of the Homer G. Phillips Hospital. Privately, she said, "I wasn't born to be a crab. It's hard for me to learn to go forward by crawling backward."

When the decision went against her, she wasted no time lamenting. She was busy preparing for a trip to Europe. This was in 1935. Two of her daughters, able earners by now in professional fields,

treated her to a tour through England, Scotland, Scandinavia, the Netherlands, Germany, and France.

"The best thing about it is being regarded as everyone else," she wrote home. "I'm not referring to up-top folks like Ellen Wilkinson, a member of Parliament who invited me to tea, nor to the many others who have been kind. Up-top folks in my own country are kind. I'm talking about the people we never really get to know, the ones we meet in the street cars and in the restaurants. Over here, except in Nazi-Germany where I had a day I shall try to forget, I'm a woman, not merely a colored woman. Race has become unimportant. I like the serenity of the people. Europeans must know a deeper meaning of life than we do."

Just the other day, I reminded her of that. "I didn't dream there was so much struggle ahead for all those fine people," she said. "They'll have to struggle—hard."

I wondered how many among them would retain the serenity Mrs. Bowles admired and shares. Despite her struggles and those of her people, she remains above the fight—brave, amused, independent, and wise—yet in it, battling, always.

If the United States has sinned against her in many ways, it has, nevertheless, permitted her to live close enough to its heart to make it possible for her to understand why it sins, and, in a sense, to share the sinning even while being sinned against. More important, it permits her to do battle against its own worse nature. In the struggle, she has often been the victor, and when she wins, the essence of Americanism wins, too.

Fannie Cook is a St. Louis writer whose second novel, Boot-Heel Doctor, will appear this fall.

JOE LOUIS AND HIS PEOPLE

WILLIAM G. NUNN

CAN Negro Americans "take it"? Frankly I don't believe they can. And if they can't take it, I'm preparing them right now for something which might happen at any time.

Joe Louis is still heavyweight champion of the world!

To this writer's way of thinking, he's the greatest heavyweight champion the game has ever known. Certainly, in carrying his golden crown to the fistic wars eighteen times, he's established a record as a fighting champion which we doubt will ever be equalled.

On Wednesday night, June 18, in the tense, strained atmosphere of New York's Polo Grounds—in the comments of hundreds of people with whom we've talked since then—and in the light of the emotionalism which is so much a part of our group, the writer sensed a "danger signal"—a sign of the times which is apt to have repercussions of international import.

To 13,000,000 Negro Americans I want to say this—and I can't make it too strong! If Joe Louis continues to fight, some one of these evenings he'll leave the ring second-best. In short, he's going to be beaten.

And when he does, Negro America should take his defeat in stride—they should feel about him in defeat as they have about him in victory.

We've had our chance to shout and yell—to stage parades and go into hysterical demonstrations. We've had the chance, and we've gone overboard in doing so.

We've hailed Joe Louis as a great symbol. To us he represented the ultimate in achievement. Physical prowess has always had its lure—its color—its glamor. And the heavyweight crown, symbolic of the last word in physical perfection, has lifted an entire race out of the slough of inferiority, and given to them a sense of self-importance. Sure, we've looked at Joe's victories as something which affected us directly.

In our enthusiasm, we've placed a responsibility upon the shoulders of this young man, a far greater responsibility than most of us would be willing to accept. We've built out of the mists a "superfighter"—a man who just couldn't be beaten. We've been so selfish in the perpetuation of an ideal which few of us would be willing to live up to, that it's an eternal wonder to me how Joe has done so.

But if Joe keeps on fighting (and fighting is his business), there's a day of reckoning due. Perhaps it'll be in September; perhaps it'll be next year—and then again, Joe might decide to retire as undefeated heavyweight king.

But let's go back to the night of June 18—Louis vs. Conn—and allow me to tell you of the crowd reaction.

Remember this, White America has been grand to Joe. They've made him a millionaire. They've been for him—they've admired him for a clean-cut young American, representing the very finest in powerful, young manhood. They've

COMMON GROUND

cheered for him, and they've rooted for him. Very few times has it been the lot of Joe Louis to hear the boos of the crowd—the baying of the wolf-pack at his heels.

This is as it should be. That's what you'll say too. But Joe Louis, who has probably been the greatest asset the fight game has ever known—he's met 'em all and whipped them cleanly—has been that kind of a champion.

Clean, game, courageous! No boasting, no bragging! He doesn't say much, but what he does say is the right thing! He gives every vanquished foe his just deserts.

But on this Wednesday night, another youth—Irish, handsome, game, colorful, fearless—put up a grand and glorious fight. And when this game-cock Irishman started to the wars, he gave a crowd of 55,000 its first big chance in four long years to do any sustained yelling. Sure, they took advantage of it.

Negro America—those at the ringside and those with their ears glued to radios in every town, village, hamlet, metropolis in the country—suddenly had 13,000,000 cases of heart trouble.

Why? Because their idol was being dethroned—or so they believed. As for me, I'm happy that Joe won as he did. Did it in the only way he knows how. He left nothing to fate or chance. Conn went the way of all human flesh.

And still, Negro America was stunned as it had never been stunned before. My fear, plainly expressed, is that some group of irresponsible "hot-heads" might try to make an issue of a Louis defeat.

This is the warning I'm trying to convey. *If*—and when—Joe Louis is defeated, show that you can "take it." Act in defeat as Joe Louis will do. Remember that he's helped you . . . and you . . . and you . . . all of us!

Remember that he's made a million dollars out of the game!

Remember that he's left a record which will probably never be equalled!

Remember that he's proven conclusively that there is such a thing as honor among Negro fighters. No one will ever dare whisper that Joe Louis ever did anything shady in the ring.

Remember that Joe Louis' ascent to the throne has proven the sagacity of Negroes as business men—and as trainers!

Remember these things—and when you do, you'll realize that the fight game hasn't been bad to Joe Louis.

If—and when—he loses, Joe will take his defeat in stride!

So will we!

And so must you!

William G. Nunn is the managing editor of the Pittsburgh Courier, one of the most interesting Negro newspapers, which should have a large number of readers among non-Negro Americans who want to understand their colored fellow citizens. Its address is 2628 Centre Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

This remarkable editorial appeared on the sports page of the July 5th issue.—L.A.

ONE YEAR IN AMERICA

PHILIPP FLESCH

YOUR passport? Your tax-payment confirmation? Your food cards? Where are you going? Why do you emigrate? . . . Aren't you glad to leave? What will you do in America? . . . No gold? Silver? Money? No new clothing?" Under insults, mockeries, and threats the Nazi guards finished their inspection and left the train.

It moved slowly on, then stopped again. We stared at one another. Would they send us back at the last minute? A young man appeared in our car. A detective? He was followed by another who carried a tray with paper cups, and who called out in a loud voice: "Don't be afraid any longer! You are in Holland!"

There my new life began, on December 15, 1939, at about midnight, near the Netherlands frontier.

From Rotterdam, the mystery of the sea voyage began, in the great ship that was to bear us from darkness toward the bright objective of all humanity: freedom, kindness, happiness. One gray, stormy winter morning we passed the Statue of Liberty, and in that moment I seemed to hear the choir of all the millions who had greeted these free shores before me.

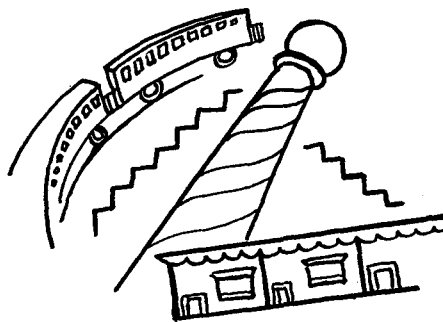
The blue-uniformed customs officer who soon confronted me made my heart quicken with fear. But he smiled and asked, "Aren't you glad to be here?" Timidly I smiled back. "Yes," I said, "very glad."

A friend I had met on a dark and bloody day in the cellars of the German

police welcomed me in the huge glass hall at Hoboken. He carried my suitcases and guided me to a refugee shelter. But I lay sleepless, remembering the foggy night I left Vienna, the friends I had abandoned at the station.

My second night in the United States was New Year's Eve. In Vienna excited masses and noise had meant persecution and danger. I trembled.

The days that followed were bewildering. I had to try to understand another way of life, to study another language, to learn everything anew. The most common things—groceries, barber shops, conveyances, the most harmless men—made a fantastic and sinister impression on me. I had to incorporate uptown and downtown, West and East Side into my sense



of direction, to learn the labyrinth of the subway tunnels.

But more real than this new world was the memory of the old. Broadway changed into Vienna's Ring Strasse, the Palisades into the Vienna Woods, the Hudson into the blue Danube. Faces wore the features

COMMON GROUND

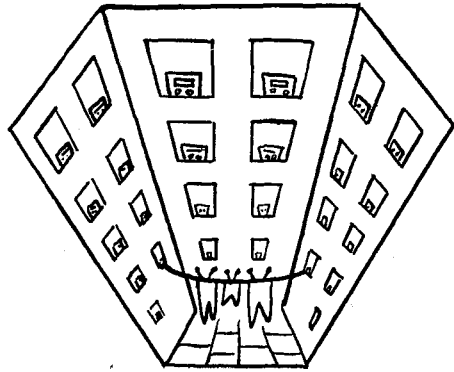
of my European friends. Sometimes I followed persons whose carriage and way of walking awakened memories. I looked down, searching for the little white dog who had been my friend over there. I still lived in my Viennese flat, whose furniture I continued to know better than that of my New York room. I could not dismiss the memories of my friends, my mountains, my music. Still afraid of maltreatment, still offended by the deprivation of civic and human rights I had suffered, I felt that I had yet to wait for the day of justice and reconstruction. Then only could I forget.

But I became also aware that one cannot live perpetually with shadows and ghosts.

I had been a teacher and had loved my profession. I wanted to become a teacher again, feeling I could best be useful in my own field. But looking for employment is more exhausting than holding a job. I answered newspaper advertisements, wrote applications, had hundreds of interviews. Nothing helped. In March 1940 I wrote four hundred letters, some of them four pages long, containing my biography and an application, and sent them to American schools of all types. My typewriter, an honorable machine which had helped me secure an affidavit on the other side, is very old and collapses every hour. I repaired it and still repair it patiently. The campaign netted 265 answers. Of these, 261 began with "We are sorry" or ended with "We shall keep your application on file." Four offered a chance, but during the following months these opportunities also vanished.

This rain of refusals, which lasted several weeks, depressed me. In addition, I had to move. I wandered through the West Side of New York, from 59th Street to 190th. I climbed many stairs, rang many bells, crossed many halls. It was almost impossible to find a room for the

price I could afford to pay, yet large enough to accommodate my two trunks full of books—poor remnants of my library but priceless instruments for future work. At last, almost despairing, I discovered a possible room, far uptown. The narrow courtyard reverberated day



and night with numerous radios, but I was content.

Up to this time I had availed myself eagerly of the opportunities offered newcomers to inform them about their new country, to make them feel more at home. I enjoyed free lectures and concerts, arranged by helpful institutions. Such evenings were always a joy, and the coffee and cake served were sometimes my dinner.

But, after I had overcome my first helplessness, I felt that lectures and meetings alone could not satisfy me. I longed for more personal activity. I wished to say my own say, out of my own experience. For that there were few opportunities, not only because of crowded classes, but because of the widespread belief that the immigrant should forget his past, should learn everything new here.

In the friendliest manner I was advised how to behave. I was told what I must and must not do, what the "Americans" liked and what they disliked. Like the majority of newcomers I was eager to comply. Yet I came slowly to realize I was

ONE YEAR IN AMERICA

being pushed more toward imitation than assimilation. I believe that the resulting fear of expressing their reactions openly drives the immigrants inevitably closer together and begins to constitute them a minority group. We, the refugees, know by bitter experience how short is the step from minority to inferiority in the minds of unthinking people. When I did not join her praise of a dirty room, a landlady said to me, "You refugees are never satisfied with anything, so of course Hitler threw you out."

I was luckier than many of the rest. In this period of first assimilation I was invited to pay Sunday visits to American friends who encouraged me to speak freely, praise if I felt like praising, complain if I felt like complaining—grope my way toward understanding. They gave me endless kindness. I also found help and comfort in my English class, where pupils and teacher developed a high exchange of cultural and ethical goods.

Then summer came. My few friends went to the country. The English classes discontinued. I suffered under the heat, the humidity, and hopelessness. The beaches were crowded; Fort Tryon Park was dusty and tired. The subway tunnels were poisoned mines. Winter had not brought any real change: I was still the refugee. I felt only indistinctly that I was perhaps at a great and good place.

Perhaps destinies have different curves in different countries. Perhaps sudden changes and unexpected turnings belong to destinies in America.

One hot summer day I learned by chance of an opening in the Quaker's American Seminar for European Scholars at Wolfeboro, New Hampshire. I applied, was accepted as a student, and awoke, one beautiful summer morning, not to the familiar outlook on the gray brick walls of my narrow courtyard, criss-crossed with

clotheslines, but to the shores of smiling Lake Winnepesaukee.

Here, after almost two years in the European darkness, after six months almost lost in an unknown city, I came alive again. Bright sun and black nights full of stars, smooth lawns, lakes, and mountains worked together with mankind to promote brotherliness. Newcomers did not say, "Americans are like this or that," and Americans did not say, "Refugees are like this or that." We approached each other with open minds and hearts. We did not emphasize the special contributions of individuals and nations. We felt that all of us together had done common work for a forward-moving humanity. I discovered here what I had missed in New York.

When summer school closed in September, I was sad. But fate had prepared for me still another gift: an invitation to a farm in the New Hampshire mountains.

The tune of this place was a sweet calm. Day and night the crickets sang their choir. The sturdy Colonial buildings exhaled an imperturbable sense of past and future. The people were quiet, kind. In this deep peace something happened to me. It was as if my soul had opened its eyes for the first time, or as if it had found here the strength to organize the masses of its experience into harmonious order.

I lay on a deckchair on the porch of the old New England farmhouse and wondered how I, the rescued Viennese, had come just here. I looked out, through the fresh leaves, at lakes and hills, at sky and sun. In the gardens and the fields, in the faces and hearts of men, I saw a common feature—the most obvious but also the most mysterious symbol of this country: its smile. Sometimes I stammered in English a few verses of thanks, awkward but sincere.

I said to myself that America was still a promised land, a world to come, where

COMMON GROUND

the golden mist of the hopes of the immigrants had not yet taken clear form. But there was an air of beginning, of freedom, of faith stronger than all powers, a faith based on and crowned by more than the hope for physical betterment. I sensed the first and the farthest-reaching of the American dreams: to direct all the rivers of life into the huge stream of progress, to build a new, a perfect life.

I looked from my porch and saw again the blue lakes and the white peaks of the Alps. I saw the old cathedrals of Vienna and Salzburg; I listened again to our music. The memories were rich, no longer painful. I thanked Europe for all the great which it had given me. But I looked, too, with a shudder, back at the dark part of European history which I had experienced: four years of massacre in the First World War, which, a school boy, I entered at eighteen; the later changes and revolutions, none of them without bloodshed; the outbreak of the current bestiality—the invasion of Austria by the Nazis. I looked back over the blood and tears of my ancestors' pilgrimage from the Middle Ages up to my person.

And now I was here. I saw America as a gigantic tree into which we fugitives could graft the branches of our accomplishments and the values we had saved out of the European conflagration.

I felt no longer a refugee and a stranger.

New York in autumn is a charming and versatile city on the blue sea and the broad Hudson, under the brown cliffs of the Palisades and the still strong sun. It is then full of harmonious human activity: work, business, art, science, pleasure. I tramped the streets, renewed connections, and looked for opportunities.

I was quieter than in the winter. New York was no longer fantastic: it was an almost European big city with many sim-

ilarities to Vienna, Paris, and Rome.

I added to the generously offered opportunities for newcomer education those for general adult education and was carried along by the American rapture for learning and enjoyment. I became acquainted with the functions of welfare organizations, settlement houses, and the various institutions which take care of the development of youth and adults. I saw that this country could become the educational center of the world, where nations could study how to live and to co-operate under the flag of humanity. Looking back at my old European self, I felt rejuvenated. I had come from the European November into a smiling May.

Every day now brings me new discoveries and new experiences. Time has become as full of adventure as in my boyhood, life more mysterious but more trustworthy. I have overcome part of my European skepticism, distrust, and pessimism. Impressions are more vivid, more mobile and flexible, as if I saw through keener spectacles. What I think and what I do here needs a fuller perfection than in the countries of the unfinished cathedrals. I feel that I am on my way through a new and young world.

Newcomers from Europe expect to reach solid ground swiftly here. But America, too, is in a state of rapid change, and nowhere is there security without struggle and perpetual effort. America stands at the cross-roads: either it is to choose the hard road forward to realize itself and its ideas, or the easier road back, where the traveling is pleasant but the traveler never arrives.

God willing, I shall go with it—the hard road forward.

Dr. Philipp Flesch was formerly a professor of languages and philosophy in Vienna.

The illustrator is Carolyn Levine.

THE STORY OF ADD-A-PART RECORDS

ISABEL LUNDBERG

ALL over America, from player to player, the news is spreading. No longer need the solitary musician look in vain for someone to play with—someone good! He has only to put on an Add-A-Part record, and there, at the flick of a finger, is the Rothschild Quartet, ready at any hour of the day, to make, with whatever instrument he plays, a perfect ensemble.

But few of the thousands of America's musical amateurs and students using the Add-A-Part records are yet aware that they owe them to a newcomer to these shores.

It was on a blustery March day in 1938 that Fritz Rothschild, violinist, and his wife, Mathilde, stepped from the gangplank in New York, perplexed and anxious. They were Austrians, and while they were in mid-ocean, Austria had fallen to the Nazis. They had sailed on a visitor's visa, but even before landing they knew they could not go home again.

When I first went to the Rothschilds' New York apartment to learn the story of the records, I found the violinist much younger than I had expected—almost boyish, despite his forty years. He is tall, extremely volatile in speech and gesture, and, when he talks about the Add-A-Parts, his eyes beam behind their black horn rims. His wife is small and equally eager.

"To begin with," he said enthusiastically, "let me play for you the missing first-violin part with one of our latest recordings."

As the soaring music of the quartet came to an end in the sound-proofed studio, he put down his bow and turned off the machine.

"It is very beautiful, this *Andante Cantabile*," he said. "Already the demand for it is almost greater than for any other of the Add-A-Parts. Anybody can play it! Look," he added, handing me the solo violin part he had been playing, "how easy it is."

And yet so effective when played with the recordings of the other three instruments.

"But all your solo parts are not that easy," I objected.

"No, naturally not." He laughed. "Some are difficult. But they are for experienced players. We have many more, though, that are easy enough for beginners. That is my idea—to start young people on these and have them work up to the more difficult ones and so become fine ensemble players."

Where had the idea for the Add-A-Parts come from?

"In Vienna," Fritz Rothschild told me, "I had my own Quartet. But I also taught chamber music. And always with my pupils I felt the lack of a finished ensemble for them to play with. It is not easy to build up a quartet, and with amateurs the result is not always satisfying. To have a finished ensemble, one must engage it, and that is expensive."

So, in 1935, in a small studio in Vienna, Fritz Rothschild began to make

a finished ensemble available on phonograph records, leaving out one part for the student or amateur to play. These first attempts were "not so good," but they came to the attention of influential music-lovers in Germany. And on its 1937-38 Continental tour, the Rothschild Quartet was invited to stop off in Berlin and make recordings at the Telefunken Studios.

"You understand," Mrs. Rothschild put in, "this was not in any way connected with the German Government. The recordings were privately financed. They could not have been made otherwise." And even this arrangement, she explained, was possible only because Fritz was an *Auslander*, citizen of a foreign country.

The Quartet stayed in Berlin for twelve days, and, working at top speed, recorded 100 sides—probably an all-time high. The records were called *Spiel-Mit* (Play-With) and the matrix of each became the property of Mr. Rothschild. "Because there would be no income from their sale in Germany," he said, "we made their release to other countries a preliminary condition."

The first records appeared anonymously. But the German public was not satisfied with nameless discs, and the next batch of labels bore the single word: *Wienerquartett*. "You see," Fritz Rothschild said wryly, "it would have been impossible to use my name."

The Rothschilds came here early in 1938 to interest an American company in the records, and after making the necessary contacts they sailed again for England. In October of that year, they were admitted for permanent residence in the United States. Meantime, an associate abroad had mailed to New York the matrices from which the European records were made.

I was curious to know how the American product compared with the German.

"The records, the music, everything is better here!" Mr. Rothschild exclaimed. "You Americans are always surprised when I say that your music printing is vastly superior to the German. But it is so. You have only to put them side by side to see the difference."

More surprising still was the violinist's reply to my query, "Who are the other members of your Quartet?"

"All women," he said and smiled at my astonishment.

"Juilliard graduates, all of them," Mrs. Rothschild volunteered.

But why women?

"Because men who can play this well are too busy to give the necessary time to make the recordings."

It required, for instance, 150 four-hour rehearsals daily before the players were ready to record Beethoven's quartet, Opus 127. And even after such intensive rehearsal, they sometimes have to make five or six recordings before the final one is ready for pressing.

The Rothschild Quartet, I discovered, is more than a superb recording ensemble. It is an intimate, devoted "family." Lilian Rehberg, Naumberg Award winner from Chicago, who replaced Dorothy Tremml last June, is cellist; high-spirited, dynamic Christine Phillipson-Foley plays second violin; and Eugenie Limberg of Texas plays viola. Mrs. Rothschild, "Tilde," mothers them all. And though Fritz Rothschild is "Papa," you gather he is a stern taskmaster as well.

"For us," he explains, "it is not enough to make a perfect record. It must fit exactly the part that is missing. After we have rehearsed and rehearsed, we play for the record—the three instruments if it is a quartet, the four if the piano part is missing.

"When we have finished, one of us

THE STORY OF ADD-A-PART RECORDS

immediately plays the missing part against the record, which is at once played back. Our first try may be perfect, but if it deviates by even a hair's breadth from the solo player's part, we must do it all over again. You can imagine what that means when we make four sets of a quartet, each with a different part missing. Every player must know the missing part, note for note. We must hear it with our inner ear as we play."

But what of the average amateur who has not developed this faculty of "hearing with the inner ear"? How can he be sure he is keeping together with the rest?

"It is all there, in the music!" Mr. Rothschild said. "If the musician does not hear what the others are playing, he can see it! For the first time, the music of an ensemble part is printed in two lines. In one you have the solo part, and above it, smaller, is the consonant line of the other instruments. You can see what they are playing, and then, if you go off, you have only to stop the record and go back."

This two-line scoring is original with Mr. Rothschild and represents a notable contribution to the study and playing of chamber music. The printed "missing" part looks like an ordinary piece of two-hand piano music—the top line marked *The Record*, the bottom line *The Player*. Mrs. Rothschild, a violinist herself, does the condensations of the ensemble parts. Working from the full score, she incorporates all the melodic and harmonic passages into a single line, leaving only the missing part untouched. Last summer, when the Quartet had finished its most ambitious recording—Beethoven's Fifth Symphony arranged for string quartet and piano—Mrs. Rothschild turned over to the printer 72 solid pages of music notation as the manuscript of the missing part.

In the best romantic tradition, Tilde Rothschild was once her husband's pupil. They both studied at different times with

the great Sevcik in Prague; but her family, worried about their daughter, brought her back to Vienna. The pupil to whom the master recommended her as a teacher was young Fritz Rothschild.

By last June, 225 Add-A-Part records had been issued, with some 30 more to be released during the summer months. America's musicians, pianists in particular, are insatiable; and the standard quartets and quintets with which the Rothschild group began have had to be supplemented by all manner of popular works, which an arranger scores for string quartet with piano or other instrument missing.

In mid-summer the best-selling set was Tschaikowsky's *Nutcracker Suite*, arranged for string quartet with piano missing. Perennial favorites are the Strauss *Waltzes* scored for strings and missing piano part. The secret behind the popularity of these records—and this is true even of the majestic "Fifth" to be released this fall—lies in the relative simplicity of the piano part itself. Most of the tonal complexities are in the quartet background on the record.

The demand for Add-A-Parts with flute, clarinet, oboe, bassoon, or French horn missing has surprised even Mr. Rothschild. Mozart's *Flute Quartet in A Major* is immensely popular, and so is his clarinet quintet.

Fritz Rothschild will not be satisfied until he has made "ensemble" a household word in America. He knows that people can be guided to greater music through playing selections with which they are familiar. So his ensemble repertoire includes Handel's *Largo*, Schubert's *Marche Militaire* and *Moment Musical*, Schumann's *Träumerei*, Dvorak's *Humoresque*, and Brahms' *Lullaby* and *Waltzes*. It offers piano accompaniments to songs like *Annie Laurie*, *Deep River*, and *Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair*.

COMMON GROUND

But, waiting for those players who have, so to speak, found their ensemble legs, are the musical "greats": the *American* quartet of Dvorak, Schubert's *Death and the Maiden* quartet and *The Trout* quintet, Ravel's quartet and Brahms' piano quintet, Mozart's *Hunting* and *Dissonant* quartets, Beethoven's quartets and quintets, high opus numbers and low, and innumerable works by Bach, among them the *Double Concerto*.

"There is something in our repertoire for everybody," Fritz Rothschild says.

He wants to see Add-A-Part Clubs formed in the high schools, "where you have so many fine young musicians," and where the students, he hopes, will want to "swap" records and album sets. There are many excellent single records—Bach, Haydn, Gluck, Beethoven, with a wide choice of "missing" instruments—at a

price well within the pocket range of most high-school students.

The Rothschild Quartet is heard over the New York Municipal Station WNYC once a week, and with that as a beginning Mr. Rothschild hopes to build up a radio seminar in chamber music for teachers in and out of the public schools. This past summer he taught ensemble music at the Juilliard Summer School, and this fall he begins conducting a course at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

"The possibilities in these records are endless." That is Fritz Rothschild's favorite phrase, and he is losing no time in proving it true.

Isabel Lundberg's articles have appeared in a number of national magazines. She and her husband, Ferdinand Lundberg, are amateur musicians.

HOW NOT TO SOLVE "THE JEWISH PROBLEM"

MARIE SYRKIN

THE Atlantic Monthly has begun discussion of a subject it designates as being of "the utmost gravity," namely, "the Jewish problem in America." A great many American Jews are naturally not overpleased at discovering themselves to be a "problem" even in the pages of The Atlantic; nevertheless, the "free and forthright debate" invited by the editors is to be welcomed if it really serves to clear the air.

According to the editors of The Atlantic, the two articles by Albert Jay Nock in the June and July issues, which inaugurate the enquiry, define the problem as it presents itself to a "conscientious Gentile." Since Mr. Nock has in this manner been made the spokesman of the Gentile viewpoint by a magazine of the rank and influence of The Atlantic Monthly, his observations merit a degree of attention which might not otherwise be bestowed upon them. Jews have, on the whole, been bitterly outraged by the Nock articles. Many Gentiles, whether agreeing or disagreeing with Mr. Nock's conclusions, have seen in his analysis only an honest, well-meaning attempt to come to grips with a troublesome situation and have been frankly perplexed by the indignation they have aroused among Jews. More of that morbid Jewish sensitiveness!

Just what does Mr. Nock say? He begins disarmingly enough: Like every thoughtful American he is disturbed by the rise of anti-Jewish feeling in the United States. Should this ominous rise

not be checked, he will not be surprised to see "the Nürnberg laws reenacted in this country and enforced with vigor" within his lifetime (and he is a man well past middle-age). Unless a *modus vivendi* between Jews and their Gentile fellow-citizens is discovered, strong enough to stand any shocks of an economic dislocation, there will be excesses in this country which will make Hitlerism seem gentleness itself. Mr. Nock deplors these grim possibilities and, though he claims to have no solution, feels that a dispassionate probing into the causes of anti-Semitism will enable our "social architects" to erect a structure strong enough to weather the storm. As his contribution, Mr. Nock brings the fruits of his candid, objective research. Let others draw the necessary deductions! He is just a "humble cartographer" who charts the quicksands.

Mr. Nock's analysis reduces itself to a few simple postulates: The Jewish problem is essentially an "Oriental problem." The Occidental world cannot accept an Oriental people on the same terms it does another Occidental people. This makes for perpetual suspicion and misunderstanding. Furthermore, anti-Semitism is always of "proletarian or sub-proletarian" origin. In times of stress, the resentment of the masses forces the rulers of a state to take cognizance of the anti-Semitism of the "mass-man." Finally, no matter how mistaken the prejudices of the mass-man may be, the "intelligent Occidental" must take the views and bigotries of the Occidental mass-man into account when pass-

ing legislation or planning the social order. Otherwise there will come the cataclysm feared by Mr. Nock.

None of this is particularly new. The designation of the Jew as an "Oriental" who differs radically from every other strain in the population enjoys a considerable vogue in Hitler-dominated countries. In fact, it is the basis of those very Nürnberg laws whose enactment in the United States Mr. Nock sadly foresees, unless proper therapeutic measures are taken. Quite apart from the scientific accuracy of the racial theory Mr. Nock propounds, the concept that Italian, Irish, Hungarian, Polish, and Mayflower Americans can find a common meeting ground, whereas the Jew must remain an isolated and alien figure in their midst, is one to which no believer in our American democracy, as at present constituted, can subscribe. Undoubtedly there are differences between Jews and other groups in the population, just as there are differences between Germans and Italians, or Irish and Hungarians. These differences contribute to the richness and color of our American heritage as well as of our future. However, to allocate the Jewish American his equal place as one member of a great and varied family group is a very different matter from the antithesis drawn by Mr. Nock—on the one hand, the Occidental world, which apparently includes every one under the sun; on the other, the "Oriental" Jew, mysterious, inscrutable, the eternal stranger!

It is quite true that anti-Semitism fosters this sense of alienation, of unbridgeable gaps, just as polluted water produces typhoid fever. But we do not, in the modern world, accept pollution of water as a norm, and the disease as inevitable. We do not say, here is an ancient germ which has created illness reaching epidemic proportions throughout history—therefore we

will accept this malady as one of the disagreeable facts of existence; on the contrary, we consider it a measure of our enlightenment and progress to use every device of modern science to destroy the bacteria. Mr. Nock makes the dangerous error of confusing cause and effect. The Jews become a baleful "Oriental" people, wholly distinct from every other strain in a given people, only *after* anti-Semitic agitation has begun to sharpen the vision. In Nazi Germany one Jewish grandparent transforms an Aryan into an "Oriental." His "alien" character may be so little patent to the outer world that he has to be exposed by government action; his family tree has to be scanned for an Hebraic interloper; then, once the fact of Jewish blood has been established, the label, with all its Nazi connotations, can be affixed and the assimilated German transformed by decree into the reviled Jew. Here there has been no failure to merge, no inability to blend into the general landscape. The "alien" character has been artificially superimposed.

As further evidence of the "Oriental character" of "the Jewish problem," Mr. Nock states that Jews do not suffer from fanaticism in Oriental countries on the same scale as Occidental Christians. Mr. Nock has apparently never heard of the Damascus blood ritual trial in 1840, or of the persecutions of Jews in Moslem Yemen today, or of the anti-Jewish agitation among the Arabs, where certainly "anti-Semitism" can be explained more as an "Occidental" than an "Oriental" problem. One of the Arab's chief objections to his fellow-Semite is that he brings the West to the East!

Another of Mr. Nock's dispassionate observations that will not stand up under analysis is that anti-Semitism springs spontaneously from the masses. He states, for instance, that the "Russian persecutions

HOW NOT TO SOLVE "THE JEWISH PROBLEM"

did not originate with the State; they were of popular origin." As a matter of fact, Russia is the classic example of a systematic government attempt to steer mass-unrest and dissatisfaction into anti-Semitic channels. Anti-Semitism was the safety valve for political unrest, and deliberately exploited as such by the Czarist government. The reign of Alexander II, whom Mr. Nock mentions, was a brief, liberal interlude. More characteristic was the stimulation by the government of the pogrom wave in 1881-82. Pobedonostev, the prosecutor general of the Holy Synod, stated publicly that a third of Russian Jewry should be converted, a third should emigrate, and a third should be destroyed. Several days before the Kishineff pogroms in 1903, arms were distributed to the peasantry by the police. The notorious and often-exposed forgery, "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion," were first put into circulation by the Russian government. Among the leading inciters of the scandalous Belyss blood ritual trial in 1913 were the Russian minister of justice and other prominent government figures. Nicholas II spent a private fortune on anti-Semitic propaganda. Of course the government took the psychology of the mass-man into account. It consciously attempted to stem the tide of revolutionary unrest by deflecting it toward the eternal scapegoat, the Jew.

One need merely glance at contemporary Europe to see the process repeated. Hitler, whose special gifts as an exponent of anti-Semitism even Mr. Nock will hesitate to dispute, has laid bare his heart on this subject. *Mein Kampf* contains not only a blueprint for physical world-conquest. In the masterly chapters on propaganda, Hitler gives the rules for psychic conquest: Every resentment of the masses should be directed always against one object. Whatever the cause of popular dissatisfaction, never change the object of

hate and confuse the mass-mind. Be it the Versailles Treaty or the cost of living or the Second World War, use one slogan, "The Jew is to blame!" and it will sink in. Of course, Hitler plays consciously on ancient, latent prejudices among the masses, but the stimulation of these prejudices, their transformation into active policy, has been the task of the State. How hard the Nazi machine works by every means of written or spoken propaganda to drum up Jew-hatred, we know. No lie is too brazen, no attack too brutal; but the very ferocity and intensity of the carefully calculated drive indicates that the masses have to be constantly excited from above, rather than that the government is acting in reluctant response to popular demand. We can take Hitler's word for that.

Have we not seen Italy and Vichy France institute the most rabid anti-Jewish legislation at a day's notice? Everybody knows that in Italy there was no pressure of popular anti-Semitism, just as everybody knows that the overnight transformation in France reflects the change from democracy to fascism, not a sudden capitulation to popular demand. Would it not be more accurate to say that a rising or triumphant fascism consciously uses anti-Semitism as one of its time-honored propaganda devices, and that yielding to anti-Semitic pressure is not yielding to democratic demand but to the coalition of anti-democratic forces arraigned against our civilization? But Mr. Nock persistently puts the cart before the horse. He adduces history in support of his contention that the masses force an anti-Semitic course on their leaders and writes: "Such an examination might cause the reader to take a more historic view than is commonly taken of the treatment dealt out to various minorities at the present time. . . . Perceiving this, the reader may be led to perceive that the modern ruler is not always exempt from facing this difficult

COMMON GROUND

choice, and is to be judged, as history will judge him, with due allowance for his circumstances." Is it only the morbidly sensitive Jewish ear that detects an apologia for Hitlerism in this sentiment?

And now, after these explanations, what does Mr. Nock propose? He assures us that he proposes nothing. He retains his role of "humble cartographer," but here and there one can catch a glimpse of a signpost. There is, in the first place, his oft-repeated statement that in formulating any solution, "it is not the view of the civilized Occidental which counts but the view of the Occidental mass-man." The Occidental mass-man may have wholly erroneous beliefs, which Mr. Nock patiently lists: The mass-man believes that over half the total number of Federal employees are Jews; he believes Jewish refugees are flooding the country; he believes that "Orientals" are tricky and dishonest; he "meditates savagely on the chances that a merciful Providence may some day send him a couple of sotnias of Cossacks to help straighten things out." No matter how understanding of "Jewish manners" the "intelligent Occidental" may be, recognizing their "fierce and insensitive arrogance" and "flagrant vulgarity" merely as "frontiersman's manners," no such tolerance can be expected from that arbiter of good conduct, the "Occidental mass-man." And even though the civilized Occidental may know that Jews are not coming into the country outside of a very limited quota, and that the statistics on Jewish employment furnished by fascist publicists are not the acme of accuracy, this knowledge does not count. What counts are the bigotries, the ignorance, the dark recesses in the mind of the mass-man. The natural deduction from these observations, a deduction which despite all his avowed candor and passion for frankness Mr. Nock does not formu-

late in so many words, is that presumably a special legal status is to be created for the special "Oriental": a "numerous clausus" in employment, immigration, education, which will operate for Jews only. Mr. Nock's talents as a prophet may be vindicated. Should our "social architects" follow his blueprint, he may live to see the basis of the Nürnberg laws laid in his lifetime.

Mr. Nock has had occasion to express his views on the Jewish question less circuitously, and possibly less discreetly, in other writings. In his very informative *A Journal of These Days*, which is a diary of a European journey between 1932 and 1934, he has this entry on March 30, 1933: "Some stray French papers . . . are in hysterics over Hitler's anti-Semitism. I suppose they are samples of the whole French press, than which there is nothing more meretricious and subversive of all decency. In principle, as the politicians say when they want to window-dress some rascality or other, I am all against the anti-Jewish campaign—if ten per cent of the reports of it are true—but I can't help seeing something on the other side. It is like the Turkish atrocities that used to stir the righteous soul of old Cleveland H. Dodge years ago; I was on the side of the Armenians thinking of the proverb, 'Two Jews, one Greek; two Greeks, one Persian; two Persians, one Armenian.' By comparison the Turk was, and is, a pretty good fellow." It is refreshing to observe how little "window-dressing" Mr. Nock has here indulged in.

On September 28, Mr. Nock is even more uninhibited: "Thinking over Hitler's anti-Semitism, one is forced to admit, I believe, that the Nazis could not have carried their programme through and made it work without clearing the Jews out of Germany. . . . From 1918 to 1932, Germany's circumstances were such that her

HOW NOT TO SOLVE "THE JEWISH PROBLEM"

organization had to be carried on pretty much on the honor system. Most of the Germans played the game fairly and loyally, as far as I have been able to find out; the Jews, on the other hand, cut every corner they could—and there you are. . . . I doubt that I should follow Hitler unreservedly; but I might even do that, thinking that the leadership of a wretched lunatic was preferable in the circumstances to none at all—I hope not, but I might."

So apparently even the "intelligent Occidental" of a certain cast of mind believes in "Jewish roguery" as a national rather than individual sin. But the priceless gem in the collection is Mr. Nock's speculation on the possibility that the Jewish mind is so attuned to money-making that, just as some people get premonitions of earthquakes, so "Perhaps the Jewish mind gets similar premonitions of movements in currency and exchange." "It is ironic that the offspring of those who crucified Jesus," he writes, "are the ones who profit most by the seasonal sentiment of Christmas. But in the Jewish view, *Geschafft ist immer Geschafft* and most Christians are too dull-witted to perceive the anomaly."

As far back as 1928, in a book of essays called *On Doing the Right Thing*, Mr. Nock was writing: "In actual life they (the Jews) are dreadful people. I sometimes think there will be a record-breaking pogrom in New York some day, and there are occasions even now when the most peace-loving person among us wishes he could send over a couple of *sotnias* of Cossacks to floor-manage the subway rush." These sentiments are here not palmed off on the "Occidental mass-man." It is the "intelligent Occidental" speaking in person.

In his Atlantic articles, Mr. Nock went in heavily for window-dressing despite numerous protestations of forthrightness, sympathy, and tolerance. However, in es-

sence, the views there expressed differ little from the quotations given. Mr. Nock's bias is apparent. The type of solution he would favor, which would completely negate the Bill of Rights, is also too apparent. It is not one which recommends itself to an American democracy committed to struggle against a resurgent barbarism wherever it shows itself. But then, Mr. Nock is not too fond of democracy as a system, as he has on numerous occasions indicated in his various essays.

In *Free Speech and Plain Language*, a volume published in 1937, Mr. Nock has an essay entitled "Thoughts from Abroad." In it, he describes "Amenia," a little-visited European country. This land is ruled by a military dictatorship, but nevertheless, it prospers. "From our point of view nearly everything in Amenia is wrong, and yet the country manages to get on remarkably well. . . . Its politics are frightfully wrong, its economics are wrong, its views of a proper constitution of human society are practically all wrong, and yet the wretched country is impenitently racking along quite as if its fundamental theories of collective human life were as sound as ours." Amenia, as painted by Mr. Nock, acquires an almost Utopian charm, and his final tribute to the dictatorship he pictures is the statement that, "Amenia's autocracy suggests what is no doubt the most pressing public question of our time, namely whether 18th century republican doctrine has not put upon the mass-man a burden greater than he can bear." Mr. Nock apparently suggests it might be well if we mass-men were relieved of the "burden" of democracy, via a dictatorship such as functions idyllically in "Amenia" (Alemania?).

Mr. Nock's analysis of the Jewish problem is a natural corollary of his attitude toward essential democratic concepts. American democracy is predicated on a faith in human equality. It accepts the

COMMON GROUND

individual as an individual; it does not create racial and religious categories with varying rights and disabilities; it does not believe that the structure of the state is to be determined by the lusts and hates of the "mass-man," but by the best counsel of the individual citizen who is to be educated in the light of our American tenets, not incited by interested factions. It believes that enlightenment, what we call progress, will overcome ancient prejudices and taboos. Such is the democratic process.

Fascist forces throughout the world are now arraigned against this conviction. Fascist elements in the United States are deliberately striving to make of the diversity of American national strains a disruptive factor, using anti-Semitism as an entering wedge. No greater disservice can be rendered American democracy than to yield to this blunt device under the pretence of honoring the wishes of the Nazi-stimulated "mass-man." America has before it the great task of resolving its tensions not through capitulation to the basest instincts—the theory on which fascism operates—but through a reaffirma-

tion of its noblest, as well as its most organic, beliefs.

What is unfortunate in the Nock articles is not the statement of the author's beliefs, however we may dislike them. What is to be deplored is that a magazine of the influence and standing of *The Atlantic Monthly* should have presented such views as being representative of those of a "conscientious Gentile," and with its special editorial note endowed them with significance worthy of the widest consideration. There must be many "conscientious Gentiles" who feel themselves maligned.

Much more than "the Jewish problem" is involved. America, as we know it, precious to every American, whatever his creed or race, is imperilled by all who dig for the "wave of the future" in the cesspools of a barbaric past.

Marie Syrkin is an associate editor of *The Jewish Frontier*. The August issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* contained a paper "The Problem of Anti-Semitism in America" by James Marshall, which might be read with profit in this connection.

WHAT MAKES GEORGE RUN?

JAMES R. GORDON

Two years ago a short, dynamic German-Jewish refugee named Manfred George landed in New York without any particular plan in his restless mind. He had an invitation from friends in the motion picture industry to go to Hollywood. Probably that was the sensible thing to do. Hadn't he wasted the best years of his life helping build up the Ullstein Press in Berlin, only to have his work stopped by hurried exile to Prague? Had not another successful period of activity as editor of the *Jüdische Revue* in Prague ended suddenly when the Nazis invaded Czechoslovakia? This time he must have been tempted to give up the fight for his persecuted people and work for himself. He had hardly set foot on Manhattan, however, before it became apparent that, whatever ideas he may have had, "his people" thought otherwise. They would not let him go to California.

"What makes Sammy run?" might do for Sammy Glick. Manfred George's track was broader-gauged.

The German-Jewish Club on 40th Street knew all about George. He was the answer to their prayer, and they corralled him on the pier. They took him to their one-room office, where, besides organizing manifold social activities, they published a monthly paper called the *Aufbau*, which was rapidly becoming the chosen organ of New York refugees. In fact their single door was constantly besieged by hundreds of homeless wanderers seeking assistance and advice, eager to

begin the "Reconstruction" which the name *Aufbau* invited.

George's mind went back in consternation to his spacious offices in Berlin and Prague. He thought, too, however, of European censorship, of Goebbels and the Gestapo. Here in America, here on 40th Street, he visualized a different kind of spaciousness—unhampered room for action and expansion to meet a need that had no limit. Obviously the paper's circulation of 2,000 was no criterion of its usefulness. Nor was there any reason why this circulation should be restricted to America at a time when refugees in every civilized corner of the globe were eager for guidance. George remembered the thousands of people he had seen in France, the hundreds who had fled to China, Persia, Africa. For all these tortured, wandering souls he would make the *Aufbau* a harbinger of goodwill.

He plunged into the work, and in an incredibly short time his efforts began to produce results. When his little office was too noisy and crowded for work, he edited the *Aufbau* from a brief case in his hotel room. Immediately circulation began to grow—from 2,000 monthly to 25,000 weekly; the three employees became 23; and soon, wherever refugees gathered, in Chicago, Lisbon, Bangkok, or Shanghai, the *Aufbau* was with them, an incentive to solidarity, discussion, and fellowship. Last spring the publication's position was made even more secure by the appointment of an Advisory Board containing such outstanding names as Roger N. Bald-

COMMON GROUND

win, Professor Albert Einstein, Freda Kirchwey, Lion Feuchtwanger, Emil Ludwig, and Thomas Mann.

The evolution of the *Aufbau* from a monthly paper of 12 sheets to a weekly of 24 pages seems all the more remarkable when you compare it with other American foreign-language publications, for, owing to higher paper costs and loss of advertising, most of the others have shrunk in size.

The *Aufbau*'s first seven pages are given up to summary of the weekly news and copious comment in the form of editorials and articles—a few in English as an incentive to study the American language. The first page nearly always features an address, usually by someone close to the Administration, concerning refugee or alien problems in America. On the succeeding pages follow news items and comments on Jews in Allied forces, tendencies in refugee emigration, America's foreign policy, changes in immigration or naturalization laws and regulations, and reports from training camps all over the United States. There are pages devoted to art and music. There is a "society" page that covers the movements of well-known Jewish exiles throughout the world. One page discusses recent films, another poetry and literature in general, with special emphasis on Jewish philosophy. Pages 13 and 14 carry announcements of New World Club activities, and other pages give generous space to announcements of other clubs. There is a page devoted to labor and employment tendencies. One contains religious notices, and the last, page 24, is given up to cartoons, satire, humor. Advertising covers from 35 to 42 per cent of the space. It is not difficult to see why the reader who pays 5 cents a copy feels that he is getting his money's worth in world events and their implications to a deeply concerned group.

Whereas much of the immigrant press in America is subsidized by fraternal organizations, the *Aufbau* is a paper that runs a club. George and his fellow workers keep their salaries down to a minimum and plow back all their profits into group activities. The name of the publishing organization was changed from the German-Jewish Club to the New World Club. This has issued a Refugee Almanac to answer some of the million questions about America with which they are constantly bombarded. The information in it ranges from a glossary of American slang to advice on naturalization and education. With the aid of another group, Help and Reconstruction, the Club runs two kindergartens. It maintains an employment service which has 1,000 visitors monthly. It arranges social evenings, *Landmannschaften*, where different groups from various localities like Berlin, Baden, or Silesia, can gather to meet old friends and be entertained by performers from the old country.

Another feature added was the "Reconciliation Trips" of Hans Hacker, one of the Club's best discoveries. Hacker and George met by chance one day in a cafeteria. Hacker was full of exuberance about the fine new world where he was living in circumstances that to anyone else might have seemed precarious. He told with great gusto about how he had beaten the Nazis by enjoying to the utmost every new country they had chased him into. For Hacker was born with *Wanderlust*, and the more he got pushed around, the better he liked it. Before the exodus he lived in Vienna, where he taught in a *Volkshochschule* (Peoples High School) and occasionally wrote little stories for the papers about trips in and around the city. He had to run for his life one day and got into Belgium, a country he had often dreamed of visiting. After a while

WHAT MAKES GEORGE RUN?

the Belgians sent him into Germany and he rested for three weeks in a Nazi prison at Aachen. Following his release, he visited Italy, with a German passport, then wandered into Switzerland. But Zurich was already overcrowded with refugees, and Hacker tried to get to England. The British turned him back at Dover and sent him to France. He spent fourteen delightful, illegal days in Paris, then fled to Basle where the League of Human Rights befriended him, helped him get to Holland, Norway, and eventually Sweden. He wanted to visit Mexico but failed to get a visa. During a three-month stay in Stockholm he experienced a vicarious delight in merely striving with the consulates of various countries. Eventually he made China, was all set to go but couldn't raise the cash for one steamer and was rejected by another which made a transit stop in Marseilles, where he would have been unwelcome. He got a visa one day for the United States and started off for New York en route for Shanghai.

But New York was more wonderful even than Paris, Zurich, or Stockholm. It was, in fact, Hacker's El Dorado, a microcosm of fascinating peoples. "All my life," he told George, "I have wanted to know about the Armenians, for example. Where in Europe could I study the Armenians? In Turkey, Russia, Greece? Yes, but imagine the difficulties, the restrictions, the suspicious police! And in none of them could I see these distressed people under conditions of security. In New York's Armenian section I saw them living freely, prospering, loving America but holding the best of their own Old World culture. And I have no need to go to Shanghai now. A five-cent subway ticket takes me to New York's Chinatown. I will show you on Staten Island a Viennese restaurant more typical in food and atmosphere than any left in old Austria.

You speak of the hustle and bustle of New York. Come with me and I will show you people living free and unmolested at their chosen Old World tempo."

George, who had not had much time to see anything in New York outside the Aufbau office, was impressed by Hacker's genius for orientation and the Club hired him at a salary which represented quite a lot of five-cent journeys to different sections of New York. All Hacker had to do was take members and friends of the New World Club along and talk about this wonder city as he had talked to George. Hacker was delighted. He goes off twice a week with groups that often exceed a hundred people. They are not just sight-seeing trips. They went to Princeton, for instance, as Professor Einstein's guests. A Greek editor lectured to them about the New York Greeks. A distinguished Chinese received them in Chinatown. They try to get, with Hacker's guidance, the point of view, the local color, of each new group. Nor do they neglect the standard "American" climate. They visit the Stock Exchange, automobile assembly plants; they study the city's architecture and its public institutions. By now, many of them know more about New York than old-time New Yorkers.

George saw from the very first that the Aufbau had two distinct advantages over the majority of foreign-language publications. First, it was closer than any other to its European source. For were not both its readers and its editors recent immigrants? In the second place, the very closeness of its contact with totalitarian Europe gave it a unique opportunity to serve America and thereby in the surest of all ways convert its readers to a dynamic kind of Americanism. So, at a time when many foreign-language editors are riding two horses and making awkward attempts to stay astride, George gallops tri-

umphantly on his single steed of complete antipathy towards the Axis and all its works. His policy is without equivocation that of the Administration. The former Attorney General (now Associate Justice) Robert H. Jackson might easily have had George in mind when he spoke last April of our loyal aliens as "priceless assets for the defense of democracy if we have the wit to cultivate them."

But George runs on in his own way, not waiting to be cultivated. He gives prominent space to defense articles and appeals for defense loans. His was the first and perhaps the only German-language paper to enter the field of Pan-American propaganda. Every week, more and more copies go to South American communities where German residents, hitherto exposed only to Axis propaganda, are learning about North American democracy. They are learning, too, about commercial opportunities in the United States, for the *Aufbau* has a special column designed to bring North and South American merchants in contact with each other. Last year an important German in Santiago reported to the Nelson Rockefeller committee that the *Aufbau* was a vital medium of Pan-Americanism among the German-speaking people of Chile.

As a source of worldwide information the *Aufbau* also plays an interesting role. A quick and accurate survey could be made of the great Jewish migration of modern times simply by following the weekly copies of the *Aufbau* to their destinations. Or perhaps a better way would be to study the letters that come in from Asia, Europe, and Africa. With the help of an eager reader in the Sahara, the *Aufbau* once beat the New York papers with a story about a new military railroad

to run from Dakar to North Africa. A reader in Palestine wrote in about the appointment as leader of the De Gaulle air force in Syria of a Jewish flier who was an ace in the war of 1914-18.

Letters come from strange corners of the world to answer questions in the *Gesucht wird* or Missing Persons column; and here the *Aufbau* performs an important service in helping locate persons lost in the desolation of European cities. A typical case was that of a young musician last heard of in Brussels. For many months queries came in from friends and relatives, one of them an uncle in Guatemala. Finally, information establishing the young artist's death in a Belgian concentration camp came from a small town in Brazil.

With all this international contact the *Aufbau* contrives to grow increasingly American in spirit. To guard against preoccupation with New York, George takes every opportunity to visit other states and has recently returned from an automobile trip to California. Visiting among friends in the moving picture industry, he must often have considered how different his own introduction to America might have been had the *Aufbau* people not held him in New York. Perhaps his Hollywood friends wonder at the gusto with which he carries on his low-paid editorial job. They may even ask in the lingo of the moment, "What makes George run?"

The answer is: "*Aufbau*."

If, conversely, one asked, "What makes the *Aufbau* run?" the answer surely is Manfred George.

James R. Gordon is on the staff of the Common Council for American Unity.

THE WAR ON THE SOCIAL STUDIES

KENNETH M. GOULD

A SMALL Ohio town in the spring of 1940 was the scene of an event filled with warning for American education. The school board, as well as the community, was split wide open over the question of retention of certain textbooks in social science used in the local schools and alleged to be insinuating Communist doctrines into the youth of the community. The president of the board, a broad-minded minister, denounced the campaign as a "witch hunt." He was overruled by the majority, however, and resigned in protest. After the meeting that night, the suspect books were taken from the shelves by other members of the board and burned in the school furnace. A bomb was exploded and a cross burned in front of the pastor's home, by persons unknown.

This is not an exceptional instance of the suppression of teaching that diverges in any respect from safe-and-sane mediocrity. The course of educational events during the last decade offers ample evidence that "it can happen here."

While public hysteria over rooting out "subversive" textbooks has perhaps arrived at an all-time peak in the past two years, such attitudes are by no means novel. Restrictions on freedom of teaching, especially on the curriculum and the materials of instruction in the public schools, have in fact been characteristic of American education since the days of the Massachusetts Puritans. They have ranged all the way from statutory enact-

ments to propaganda and direct action by organized pressure groups and dismissal of teachers charged with "disloyalty to Americanism."

The heyday of restrictive legislation was precipitated by the First World War. Patriotic fervor, fear of foreign radicalism, and distrust of "indoctrination" that might undermine established institutions expressed themselves in drastic legislation by state after state after 1920. A Wisconsin law prescribed: "No history or other book shall be used . . . which falsifies the facts regarding the War of Independence or the War of 1812, or which defames our nation's founders or misrepresents the ideals and causes for which they struggled and sacrificed, or which contains propaganda favorable to any foreign government." And in Mississippi no textbook "shall contain anything of a partisan or sectarian character." The effect of such legislative mandates is to establish an official censorship which may ultimately lead to deterioration both of textbooks and teaching. Their vague and ambiguous wording provides an incentive for persecution of persons or materials adjudged by any fanatic as inimical to the political, social, or economic status quo.

Censorship by voluntary groups, especially patriotic and business organizations, is more recent, but perhaps even more potent. The Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans, with their sectional biases, had their day in the late 19th century. During the World War charges of "pro-Germanism"

COMMON GROUND

were common, leading to such remembered excesses as the dropping of German-language instruction in many communities.

The alleged "Anglicization" of American history texts has been a frequent object of attack. In 1921 a professional syndicate writer, Charles Grant Miller, published a series of articles in the Hearst newspapers and formed the "Patriot League for the Preservation of American History." Its avowed object was to purge school textbooks of "the spirit of Benedict Arnold." Many well-known historians, including Albert Bushnell Hart, Andrew C. McLaughlin, Willis M. West, and David S. Muzzey, were under fire for neglecting the exploits of American military heroes, especially during the Revolutionary War, omitting famous patriotic slogans, or tracing American Constitutional principles to English institutions. Anti-British demagogues appealing to Irish and German groups, like the late Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago and Mayor Hylan of New York, garnered political capital by "making war on King George."

At one time or another efforts to revise or eliminate or write their own history textbooks have been made by such groups as the Sons of the American Revolution, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, the National Security League, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the United Spanish War Veterans, and the American Legion. Through its National Americanism Commission, headed by Homer L. Chaillaux, with affiliated committees in each state department and local post, the Legion is in a position to mobilize rapidly the sentiment of most of its million members for campaigns against any condition, movement, or person considered un-American by the national officers. It has also gained a strategic position in educational circles

through co-operation with the National Education Association in sponsoring "American Education Week."

Organizations appealing to racial and religious interests have also attempted to influence textbooks. Such diametrically-opposed bodies as the Knights of Columbus and the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan have campaigned to rewrite American history according to their own diverse interpretations. For the latter, it need hardly be said, true Americanism is the heritage only of whites, gentiles, Anglo-Saxons, and Protestants.

But with the Depression of 1929, the advent of the New Deal, the rise of the totalitarian "isms," and the general tension of recent years, public interest in the schools has shifted toward economic and social problems. The effort to inculcate the glories of American history has given place to insistence on preserving our economic system inviolate against all forms of collectivism, particularly Communism. The political and the economic have become so inextricably mixed, in fact, that all campaigners against the schools today find it convenient to identify the American form of government and "Way of Life" with laissez-faire capitalism under the beneficent control of private enterprise.

This latest phase of the textbook controversy reached its climax in two events of the past academic year: the publication in the September 1940 issue of the American Legion Magazine of an article by O. K. Armstrong entitled "Treason in the Textbooks," and the publication in March 1941 of a series of abstracts of social studies textbooks prepared by Dr. Ralph W. Robey, assistant professor of banking at Columbia University, for the National Association of Manufacturers.

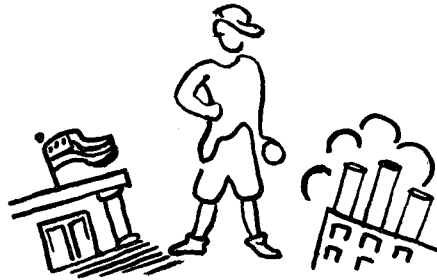
The Armstrong article was a violent attack, accompanied by propagandistic

cartoons, on a group of progressive educators sometimes known as "Frontier Thinkers," specifically Dr. Harold Rugg and Dr. George S. Counts of Teachers College, Columbia University. They were accused of organizing a nation-wide conspiracy to establish a "new social order" based on Marxian socialism, by instilling in junior and senior high school students doubts of the traditional American system of constitutional government and private enterprise, of business practices, of old-fashioned religion and morality, and by praising Soviet Russia. Appended to the article was a list of 38 books and magazines used in schools, prepared by Major Augustin G. Rudd, which it implied were subversive and urged Legionnaires to eliminate from their local school systems. Many of these were books by Rugg and Counts, while others were by such distinguished historians as Charles A. Beard and Carl Becker. Two months later the Legion Magazine published a retraction exonerating two well-known classroom periodicals, Scholastic and the American Observer, and a few books.

The N.A.M. "study" consisted of abstracts of 563 books in all branches of the social sciences commonly used in senior and junior high schools. They included brief summaries of the contents and several paragraphs of actual quotations from the book, aiming to represent the style, treatment, and point of view of the author with respect to the system of private enterprise and the American form of government. No appraisal or criticism was offered in the abstracts themselves, which were prepared under Dr. Robey's direction by three trained assistants. The announced intention of the N.A.M. was to distribute the abstracts to the 8,000 members of the Association and, upon request, to any member of the public. It hoped, it said, "to encourage manufacturers in every community to co-operate whole-heartedly

with their local educational authorities in analyzing sound means by which the concept of private enterprise . . . may be taught in the schools."

The publicity accompanying the project alarmed many educators. A group of fourteen members of the faculty of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, including Dean Francis T. Spaulding and former Dean Henry W. Holmes, issued a statement conceding the right of any citizen to examine and criticize textbooks used in the schools. But it declared the action of the Association held serious dangers of bias in approaching the books, and of misuse of the abstracts by persons with special interests. It laid down the principles that schools in a democracy need the vitality of intellectual controversy and of varied points of view; that schools should not be forced into a single narrow mold at the behest of a private group; and that textbook selection should be a function of trained professional educators, though with the advice and consent of all classes and citizens of the community.



The N.A.M. welcomed the Harvard statement and issued a set of principles urging its members to read fully any book with which they might disagree and to express their opinions, without dictation, to the proper authorities. "It would be a grave mistake," it continued, "for any person . . . to seek to have schools discontinue the explanation of any subject or any philosophy simply because it is incon-

COMMON GROUND

sistent with a philosophy traditionally accepted in this country."

Before the N.A.M. could complete the publication of the abstracts, however, Dr. Robey took it upon himself to release to the press excerpts from several abstracts, and expressed his personal opinion to the effect that "a substantial proportion of the social science textbooks now used in the high schools of this country tend to criticize our form of government and hold in derision or contempt the system of private enterprise"; "they are poorly written and show a lack of scholarly competence."

This blast, published on February 22, aroused widespread indignation among educators attending the Atlantic City meeting of the American Association of School Administrators. The N.A.M., through its president, Walter D. Fuller, repudiated Dr. Robey's interview as "his personal opinion only." Many newspapers published editorials ridiculing the Robey fiasco, and the Association began to realize that it had got itself into an unenviable position. The judgment of the educational profession was well expressed in an address by Dr. Alexander J. Stoddard, Superintendent of Schools of Philadelphia and Chairman of the Educational Policies Commission of the N.E.A., who said: "We intend to continue to deal with important controversial questions in our schools, in order that children may know something about the problems of our country. . . . We intend to continue to insist that the school itself shall remain a free institution."

Through several years of controversy the favorite target of attack from reactionaries has been Dr. Harold Rugg of Teachers College, until Rugg himself has become a symbol and a catchword for almost every variety of educational "sin." As author and directing spark-plug of a

group of collaborating writers, he has published some twenty volumes on "Man and His Changing Society" used in classes from the third to the tenth grade in over 5,000 schools, by probably several million young people. Regardless of specific criticisms, the project represented, over a period of nearly twenty years, a unique compilation of fresh and realistic materials, synthesizing the most essential elements of geography, history, government, economics, and social problems.

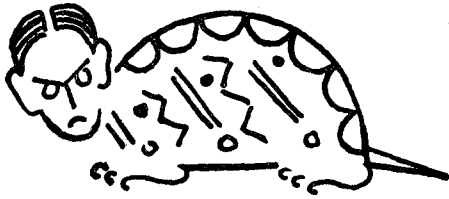
Because of their progressive method and liberal, though not radical, tone, the books have been attacked by many special groups and individuals besides the Legion and the N.A.M. Among them are Merwin K. Hart, self-appointed director of the New York State Economic Council, a body whose chief object is the reduction of teachers' salaries and school budgets in New York State; Alfred T. Falk, director of research of the Advertising Federation of America, who charges Rugg with misrepresenting advertising as an instrument of economic waste and exploitation; the Guardians of American Education, a parents' group which has issued a pamphlet, "Undermining Our Republic"; B. C. Forbes, Hearst columnist and publisher of Forbes magazine; Elizabeth Dilling, tireless author of *The Red Network*; George E. Sokolsky, syndicate writer; and others.

Many of these seasoned campaigners against every kind of liberal movement co-operate closely with each other in propaganda and organization, but there is no evidence that they represent more than a strong reactionary minority among the public in general. The Gallup Poll has conducted several surveys of opinion on educational questions. Its reports show that 85 per cent of the American people believe that education has improved over that of previous generations; 72 per cent

THE WAR ON THE SOCIAL STUDIES

that young people should discuss controversial topics; and 66 per cent that we are not spending too much for education.

But as a result of these attacks, Rugg's books have been removed or subjected to investigations in a number of school systems. In many places, after careful inquiry, they have been retained and exonerated of all subversive intent or effect. The complainants against the books al-



most invariably base their charges on hearsay evidence only. They naively preface their remarks with: "I haven't read the books—but this man Rugg is dangerous and un-American." One official of the Daughters of Colonial Wars inadvertently gave her case away when she burst out: "The book tries to give the child an unbiased point of view instead of teaching him real Americanism. . . . All the old histories taught 'My country, right or wrong.' That's the point of view we want our children to adopt. We can't afford to teach them to be unbiased and let them make up their own minds."

In a riot the most conspicuous heads are bound to be hit, and Rugg, as the bellwether of the "progressive" flock and perhaps the most prolific of the textbook writers, has borne the brunt of the charge. But a little elementary analysis reveals that the attack on certain textbooks is merely a smoke-screen for a deeper-lying, more insidious philosophy of obscurantism. Paraphrasing a famed agnostic, if there were no Rugg, they would have to invent him. The elimination of one man's books, or even of several, would be only a con-

venient entering wedge—a foreshadowing of the complete blackout. This is a war of attrition, in which the whole fabric of the social sciences, the application of intelligence to the study and solution of contemporary problems, the hard-won educational and social gains of modern thought, the concept of public, tax-supported education for all the children of all the people from the cradle to maturity, the questing mind of free men itself, are the stakes of conquest.

The background philosophy from which the critics of the textbooks derive is not often stated so baldly as in these sentences from an editorial in a Boston ("the Athens of America") paper: "If the public schools adhere to their true function, the imparting of the basic knowledges and basic skills, then they are safe. There is nothing subversive in the three R's, in mathematics and science, in language study or stenography, in home economics or machine shop work. There is no need for controversial subjects in the high school curriculum; leave them for college and later life. The world has enough unquestioned truths and indispensable skills to occupy a high school youngster's time."

And the New York Herald-Tribune enlarges on the theme: "Almost any attempt to pilot youngsters through the raging seas of political and economic thought, and especially with reference to current affairs, leads to warfare beside which military service is a profound relief . . . we venture to raise the question whether the social sciences are a fit subject for secondary education."

In other words, teach the young idea to spell, to count, to read a newspaper or a letter, to handle his physical environment, from cook-stoves to carburetors—enough for the vocational stratum of a servant girl or a filling-station boy—but teach him nothing about the human race

to which he belongs, man and his achievements, his needs, struggles, and ways of living, his relations with his fellows and his community, his understanding mind, his creative soul.

The sticking-point for many of these gentry is the ominous-sounding phrase, "social studies." The term is a fairly recent development—of the last two decades. And it is not only a new label on an old bottle; it is a new wine in the bottle. What, in fact, are the "social studies"?

They deal with the nature and activities of man and society, past and present, from the culture of the most remote and primitive peoples to the culture of the modern civilized community. They include the traditional disciplines which are most directly concerned with man and society: geography, history, economics, government, sociology, anthropology, and psychology. These disciplines are reasonably possible to delimit. They are not so exact, so measurable, or so universally agreed upon as the physical or natural sciences. Yet each of them contains a body of established and documented fact, accepted by a consensus of those most competent to judge. They have had their pioneers and prophets—from Herodotus to James Truslow Adams, from Hammurabi to T. V. Smith, from Quesnay to Wesley Mitchell. They have their professional societies—the American Historical Association, the American Academy of Political and Social Science, the National Council for the Social Studies, and many others. Thousands of brilliant and painstaking scholars have built them into a recognized branch of learning. They are a going concern.

The major social study taught in all schools above the primary grades is history. As early as 1827 both Massachusetts and Vermont made the teaching of United States history compulsory. But his-

tory, as traditionally written and taught, was a dry, chronological account of happenings remote from the lives and interests of pupils. Military and political events occupied an inordinate amount of the attention of the 19th-century historians like George Bancroft and Jared Sparks. And the pale shadows of these men's chronicles which were introduced into the schools as texts left little cause for wonder that children found history a dismal calendar of stuffed dates.

The spirit of enlightenment which began in the biological sciences in the 1850s and spread in concentric circles to the new social sciences of psychology, anthropology, and sociology was slow in reaching history and economics. Not until the turn of the century and the work of men like Frederick Jackson Turner, James Harvey Robinson, and Charles A. Beard did "the new history" begin to revise our conception of the past. Gradually we came to see the record of the race like the iceberg—one eighth above water: the spectacular doings of kings and nobility, generals and politicians; seven eighths below: the vast common life of the obscure millions, the folkways of farm and forest, mill and market and tavern, home and church and the lively arts, that goes on century after century underneath the bloody froth of wars, dynasties, and revolutions.

There is another word respected in the schools for more than half a century—civics. Forty states prescribe by law instruction in the Constitution of the United States, many in the "principles of American government." All too easily these courses fell into the rut of mere mechanism: a branch-by-branch description of legal forms in state and nation, as they are supposed to work. No hint there of bosses and machines and deals, the "shame of the cities," the Seabury Commission's findings. (A sheriff of New York County on a salary of \$10,000 de-

THE WAR ON THE SOCIAL STUDIES

posits over \$360,000 in six years and cannot tell how he got it; a commissioner of records at \$7,500 is unable to read and write: are these not "facts" of government?) And while an economics book may discuss rent, capital, interest, bonds, and corporate organization, how often does it tell that the Standard Oil Company was built on forced railroad rebates, or that industrial warfare is characterized by company spies and gunmen as well as unions and pickets?

We need not labor the point. Paced by the scientists, the historians, the investigators and reformers, the social studies in American schools during the period roughly since the First World War grew from a narrow, memoriter routine of elementary geography, ancient and American history, and civics to a well-rounded presentation of the modern world as it came to be, and as it is. Thousands of schools throughout America revised their courses to infuse life and reality, or added new ones under a bewildering catalogue of names: community civics, vocational civics, problems of democracy, current events, economic citizenship, social problems, world history, international relations, etc. Superficial and chaotic as this expansion has often been, there has been room for the study of scores of topics that touch students where they live. Today, boys and girls from the first to the 12th grades study units adapted to their comprehension and background on such themes as The Home, The Family, Grocery Stores, Making a Living, Occupations, Housing, Safety, Crime, Public Health, Conservation, Courts, Municipal Politics, Civil Service, Proportional Representation, City Manager System, Standards of Living, Unemployment, Relief, City Planning, Newspapers, Movies, Radio, Personal Finances, Consumer Education, Co-operative Movement, Immigration, Race

Relations, Public Opinion, Propaganda Analysis, War and Peace, International Organization, Civil Liberties, Essentials of Democracy—and these in addition to the general background knowledge of geography, history, and government that is an obvious prerequisite to the more



difficult social issues. The problem of adjusting subject matter to grade level of pupils is not simple but it is by no means insoluble. At all stages of maturity there are materials that can be absorbed with interest and profit if used with discretion. No one advocates debating controversial issues in the kindergarten.

The objectives of the modern social studies teacher may be briefly summed up as these:

1. To give pupils the truest and most realistic knowledge that is possible of their community, state, nation, and world.
2. To train pupils in the intellectual processes indispensable to the functioning of society: locating and verifying information, critical judgment, discussion and argument, group co-operation, organization, and leadership.
3. To develop in young people the desire and ability to become responsible, understanding, public-spirited, effective citizens in a changing democracy.

No one claims that these ideals have been universally reached. The majority of educators are highly aware of the shortcomings of the curriculum. As a committee of conservative superintendents recently reported in a far-reaching document prepared for the American

Youth Commission, *What the High Schools Ought to Teach*, "The one fact about the social studies that is altogether certain is that there must be far more instruction in these fields than there has been in the past. . . . The obligation of finding some way of preparing young people for citizenship, for intelligent social attitudes, and for effective participation in community life has become a public obligation which must be met if social chaos is to be avoided." And a five-year study by Dr. Herbert B. Bruner, curriculum expert of Teachers College, found that "only ten per cent of high school courses have fully kept pace with the tempo of American life." But does it need to be argued that the high school student of today has an immensely better chance of acquiring these vital knowledges, skills, and attitudes than his grandfather, exposed to the restricted curriculum of 50 years ago?

The real animus of the textbook critics, it should now be clear, is against the whole modern conception of the social studies as a realistic approach to life. What they really want eliminated is every vestige of controversial matter—every issue that touches the springs of control in the delicately balanced political, social, and economic world of today—every idea or question that might arouse dissension, class consciousness, or a critical attitude toward the distribution of privilege, the power of authority, or the mores of habitual conformity.

They would, of course, sweep the broader socialized courses out of the elementary grades and junior high school, root and branch. Boys and girls to the age of 14 have not the capacity, they imply, to understand the simplest elements of practical problems. But they would not stop there. The senior high school—final educational attainment of

40 per cent of the American population—is no place for social problems, because teen-age young people are too "immature," too "unstable," too "susceptible to emotional propaganda." And as for the colleges—well, their effects are suspicious, too. It is doubtful whether any young whipper-snapper of 20 has a sufficiently judicial mind to read Marx or Freud and come out unscathed.

The forces of educational reaction are powerful and well-entrenched. They not only have allies in mass ignorance and superstition, but they are gaining respectable, if unconscious, support from well-meaning educators and publicists who have been confused by the apparent failure of modern education to produce a race of intellectual and spiritual supermen, and have fled to the safety of the middle and ancient ages. Dr. Robert Hutchins and his followers at Chicago and St. John's have done valiant work for the cultural revival of "the great books"—the classic affirmations and generalizations from the Greeks down which have shaped our Western culture and stood the test of time. No social scientist of my knowledge objects to reading the classics. No one denies that an educated man should know Plato and Machiavelli, Montaigne, Locke, and the Federalist Papers, and apply them to his present thinking and action. All of us would be glad to see a larger infusion of them in the colleges, and even in the high schools. But if they are to be made the sole basis of the curriculum, at the expense of understanding the world we live in, as well as the world we came out of, the reasonable man, concerned for the future of our citizenship, will cry halt.

Mr. Walter Lippmann, journalistic partner of the classicists, commenting on the Robey controversy in a column headed "On Being Too Current," argues that "Neither logic nor experience justifies

THE WAR ON THE SOCIAL STUDIES

the assumption that a high school student will be prepared for his adult world by offering him the debatable opinions of the world in which we are adults. . . . Somehow, we of this generation have been persuaded to think we can run before we can learn to walk." The Founding Fathers of 1787 (and they were brilliant men!) had no textbooks but the classics. And the best preparation for understanding the present war "would be a study of the wars of Napoleon and Marlborough, and the Persian, Peloponnesian, and the Punic wars" (!)

Seriously, does Mr. Lippmann think that young people of 1941 can be insulated, sterilized, wrapped in cotton batting, fed only on what was written and what happened before 1800, and at the age of 21 spring full-armed from the brain of Jove as responsible citizens of the world's greatest democracy locked in death-grapple with "the wave of the past"? The tower of ivory in the age of steel!

One can argue against restriction of

textbooks and curriculum from a dozen abstract standpoints of academic freedom and educational policy. But, in the long run, the basic undeniable argument is that the young people of today who are the citizens of tomorrow have the right to know what the world is all about and to learn what can be done about it.

Kenneth M. Gould has been editor of Scholastic, national high school weekly, since 1926.

Those who wish to pursue the trail of the textbook controversy more closely are advised to read Dr. Rugg's own recently published apologia, That Men May Understand (Doubleday, Doran); and, for an authoritative view of the whole problem, to obtain "Selection and Use of Social Studies Textbooks"—a packet of materials distributed by the National Council for the Social Studies, 1201 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

Carolyn Levine is the illustrator.

SABOTAGE IN B-8

MATAILEEN L. RAMSDELL

PETE LUCIANO drew his eyelids down an looked at his eighth-grade teacher again the way Pop looked at the ole lady before he told her to shut up an bring his supper. That was the way to size up a dame all right cause he'd sure been dead right alla time about Miss Bankston. She stood talkin now to the announcer for their radio program an her eyes had that happy sorta shine they'd had the first day of school three months ago but it was even softer an shinier now cause B-8 was makin a Real Contribution. B-8 was their home-room.

He looked out the glass windows of the broadcastin room an saw Pop wavin an grinnin at him. There was a whole crowd of B-8's parents an they was all wavin an grinnin.

Well gosh they should oughta be proud havin their kids broadcast over the radio. The very first ones on that business Of This Is America Made. An all because B-8 found out they had national culture from Miss Bankston.

Gosh she sure was skinny. That first day he'd thought maybe she didn't get enough to eat but that was foey cause teachers got lotsa dough. They didn't work in the tube mill like his Pop an everybody else down in his parta town. But she was young an pretty an that was slick cause he'd had nothin but ole turtles ever since first grade.

Sure he'd liked her ever since that first day even if he did growl an pretend to be a tough guy at first. She'd said his name all wrong. Peter Luchiano she called it.

He said outa the corner of his mouth It's Lushano. But she'd jus smiled as if she knew better than he did an went right on callin him Peter Luchiano.

Then she started that national culture business. All the kids thought she was nuts. She kep talkin about how wonderful it was to have so many nationalities in B-8 an how they'd learn about each other's national culture. One day she gave back their Friday themes an said I'm disapointed in you Class. These stories about movies and radio programs and going to Cleveland are just what any ordinary American eighth grade would write. For Goodness Sake why don't you children use your national cultures to make you something special in the way of Americans. Oh yeah he started to say to her. If you ever walked down the street with Pop an heard people sayin there should be a law about foreigners who won't learnta speak English you'd know better. It's plenty good to know howta act jus plain American even if you ain't special at it.

Then ole Drippydroop Liberty Panico got it in the neck for writin her themes about cowboys an generals out West steada writin about when her ole man an ole lady lived in Tuscany. Drippydroop said But gosh Miss Bankston all they did was work alla time an not have enough to eat an that wouldn't make a good theme.

Yeah Miss Bankston was nuts on folkstories too. That meant stories about your folks. But what the heck was there to write about except how Pop couldn't spik Inglis for hisself so Pete hadda do it

for him an how Pop jus said he was too old when Pete said You're nuts Pop why don't you learnta act American. So fooley he jus kep on writin about goin swimmin in the Lake or fishin in the river or goin to Cleveland to see Uncle Joe an so did the other kids. An she kep on smilin. Gosh she did have a pretty smile.

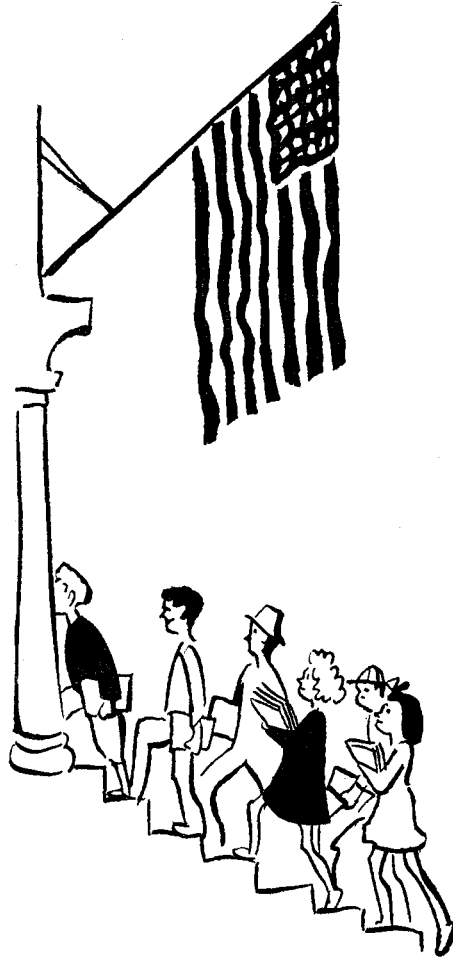
But then she gave up workin on their themes cause it got to be time for them to make plans for their assembly program. So they hadda meetin. An she decided they was to give a national cultures program for assembly. Only she didn't call it that. She called it a Real Contribution from their rich backgrounds but heck he never could figure out where she found anything rich in his background. The ole lady couldn't even find enough dough to get Maria a pair of white shoes for First Communion. But she said if Mike Petrillo played a coupla Italian folksongs on his violin an Liberty'd sing one an Joe Sosnoski'd play a Polish dance on his accordion an Mildred Czymanski'd dance to it all dressed up in her native costume that it would be a Real Contribution.

The kids'd all been as mad as hops. Drippydroop Liberty jumped up an said she wanted to sing God Bless America an Joe said yeah he wanted to play Home on the Range an Mildred said she could do a swell tap to that song Kate Smith sings about We're All Americans. But what chance did a buncha kids have against a teacher.

It was kinda sappy she couldn't see how all wet she was. But you couldn't get really sore on her. She was crazy about B-8 an she wouldn't let nobody pick on em no siree. Like the time that ole turtle history teacher said they was Miss Bankston's Brats and when she heard that she was sore as they was an she said We can't have that happen to us again so we'll have an honor system. An she told em how a honor system worked alla time even

when they was outa B-8 an nobody was watchin. An pretty soon the principal noticed how good they was gettin to be an he said B-8 was one of the best rooms in the whole junior high school.

Yeah she was sure slick at gettin things to work the way she thought they oughta an it was a cinch to see that she was dead



set on havin a national cultures program or else. An alla time the kids was gettin madder an madder. They couldn't see it was jus cause she didn't know no better. An yet it wasn't hardly her fault for bein so dumb. Even her Pop's ole man was

COMMON GROUND

American so how could she know anything about it.

He felt kinda sorry for her the afternoon she come out in the school yard an found Joe fightin with another kid. She went right in an broke it up. An while she was pinnin Joe's shirt together with safety pins she said Why were you fighting Joseph. An Joe said I don't care I'll knock his block off every time he calls me that. An she said Calls you what Joseph. An Joe said A dirty Polack. An she said Don't you worry Joseph it was a very nasty thing to do but he just showed his own ignorance. You're Polish and you ought to be proud of it.

Gosh what could you do. She jus didn't know no better. Joe jerked away from her and said I'm not. I'm American jus as much as you'r anybody else. Her face got pink as if Joe'd slapped it an she walked back to the building slow. So Pete said Gee Miss Bankston Joe didn't mean to be that way but that Palooka did need to have his block knocked off. That's what I do to those smart guys up in the other parta town when they call me a lousy Wop.

She looked as if he'd added two an two an got five. An she said But Peter don't you understand that's what I want to do. I want to make you children so proud of your nationalities that no one can hurt you when he calls you those silly things. Gosh how could you get her to know better. So he said When we learnta act American enough they won't think to call us that. Please Miss Bankston let's give a kinda American program for our assembly an not that ole country stuff. But she jus shook her head an went on inside.

Well it was up to him to get things settled cause he was older an bigger than any of the other kids in B-8. So he waited outside the south door an grabbed em as they come out. When they was all there he said I don't wanna have no trouble

with you guys so jus listen an keep your traps shut see. I ain't in this program but I gotta few thingsta say alla same. Joe said outa the corner of his mouth Teacher's Pet Luciano. But Pete jus took one little step towards him an Joe stepped back. An then he spit closeta Joe an said O.K. now listen. She's been a swell teacher ain't she. An she's stuck up for us with the other stinker teachers round here ain't she. An we gotta banner for room spirit cause she showed us how to have a honor system ain't we. So if she's nuts on this national culture stuff we can stand it for once I guess.

Mike said Yeah an what're we gonna do when the other kids call us a buncha foreigners for actin like that in fronta the whole school. So Pete said Jus send em to me an I won't haveta knock more'n a coupla blocks off to set em straight see. Mike kinda laughed an he said Well it's O.K. with me but I think she's nuts jus the same. You'd think she'd want us to act American if we know how.

Yeah Drippydroop said. You jus gotta crush on her Pete Luciano cause she's so pretty or you'd think jus the way we do an you needn't tryta knock my block off neither.

So they started to practice for the program. Every now an then Mildred would forget what kinda dance she was doin an bring in a few taps but Drippydroop sang Funiculi Funicula an it sounded kinda special in Italian after they was all usedta hearin it in English an anyone could see how pleased Miss Bankston was. She jus went around beamin an hummin an she didn't get after Kinkyhead John Brown for alla time gigglin out loud. She practicky giggled herself when Mildred said her ole lady'd said they'd find that Polish dress if they hadta unpack every box in the house. An Joe kinda growled Yeah my ole man's gonna break my back if I don't play that dance jus right. But

you could tell he was feelin kinda smart about it. The stinker. Here he'd hadta practicky have his block knocked off to get him to do it. Yeah the kids was gettin more an more usedta the idea though once when a guy from B-7 asked what they was gonna do in assembly Joe said awful quick None your business.

Then one afternoon Miss Bankston stopped their English class fifteen minutes early so they could run through parta the program. Drippydroop was in the middle of her Funiculi Funicula with the corners of her mouth turned down. On her it looked jus as good that way he was sayin to Joe when alla sudden the door opened an the principal an a lady stepped in. Gosh he dropped his seat down fast. It was the ole dame who'd had her picture in the paper for sayin the schools was usin submersive books. Miss Bankston smiled at em jus as if she was proudta have em come in an see her program. An she said didn't they think it was fine these children could contribute so much from their national cultures. But the ole dame jus stuck her chin up an said I think that in these times of fifth columns and sabotage our schools should emphasize *American* culture and the *American* language with these children of foreign homes. An then she walked out an the principal went after her with his neck all red.

Not a kid moved they was so scared. Then what the ole dame'd said about fifth columns an sabotage begun to sink in. Who the hell does she thinks she is he said to Joe.

Miss Bankston stood by her desk an pretended she was watchin somethin outside the window but nothin was happenin anywhere except right inside B-8. The quiet was somethin fierce an there wasn't even no seat squeaks. Joe's face was gettin redder an redder an Drippydroop was standin right the same way she'd been

singin. He gotta cold shiver when he saw how white Miss Bankston's face was an how her hands looked like a coupla fists. So he jumped up an said louder than he thought he would That ole turtle. Somebody shoulda knocked her block off. Liberty walked back to her seat an John Brown kinda halfway giggled.



Miss Bankston turned back to em an tried to smile. She said What shall we do about our program Class. Drippydroop jumped up an she was so surprised her face looked like her mouth was hangin open even though she was talkin with it. She said You mean we oughta change our program because of that ole turtle. I don't know nothin about sabotage but Funiculi Funicula is all about laughin an dancin an I like it an my Pop said it was meant to be sung in Italian an that's what I'm gonna do no matter what she says.

It looked like for once ole Drippydroop was sayin the right thing so Pete said with his neck gettin hot Yeah I guess we don't haveta listen to no ole turtle like her. We'll do it our way if I haveta knock But he didn't haveta say the rest cause alla kids was sayin Yeah we don't care what she said. It's our program.

So last Friday mornin they gave it for assembly. An when Liberty sang she even smiled an you could hear the kids sorta hummin along with her. B-8's auditorium seats was jus in fronta the place where the parents and alla kid sisters an brothers

COMMON GROUND

was sittin an when he turned round to see how Drippydroop's ole lady liked her singin he saw somethin kinda sappy. Steada grinnin an being happy Mrs. Panico was wipin her eyes but when Mike's ole lady whispered somethin in her ear she smiled an they all clapped terrible loud when the song was through.

Gosh they was certainly a moba parents back there. Joe's Pop hadn't never come before even when Joe was George Washington last year an he was on night shift too. But this mornin he was sittin there an keepin time with his foot an then he begunta grin an slap his leg when it was Joe's turn an he saw how swell Joe was playin.

An there was Mildred's ole lady for gosh sake. She had Mildred's two kid sisters on her lap an when Mildred begunta dance Mrs. Czymanski stood em up in the aisle so she could sit way high up in her seat an see every step Mildred took.

An when they was back in B-8 an feelin plenty smart about how swell everybody said the program was Drippydroop waved her hand. She said Gee Miss Bankston it's funny but that song is a lot more funta sing in Italian. It kinda fits the words an music together better. An Miss Bankston said quick like as if she couldn't hold it back no longer Then you won't have any trouble repeating it over the radio next Thursday night will you. An everybody said Whaaaat. An then she said how their program had been chosen

to broadcast in a new series over the radio downtown. Gosh that was somethin. Gettin to broadcast over the radio. Gettin to see inside that broadcastin room. But heck he wasn't in the program.

Then alla sudden Miss Bankston asked him to stay after school an she said When we broadcast next week I'd like to have you with us. An he said Heck I ain't got nothin to do with it. An she said Why Peter you're a very important person on this program. What would I do if any blocks got out of order. An her eyes twinkled at him.

So here he was right inside that radio room with the resta the kids on the program. An there was alla B-8 an alla the parents an a lotta others too outside wavin an grinnin. An the announcer was gettin ready to tell about how this was Room B-8 of Hamilton Junior High School givin the first program on the new series Of This Is America Made. An there was Miss Bankston showin ole Drippydroop for the fiftieth time jus whereta stand an at the same time smilin an wavin back to Mrs. Panico an Mrs. Petrillo an Mrs. Czymanski.

Gosh broadcastin was swell. An B-8. An maybe national cultures. An Miss Bankston. He was a pretty good sizer-upper all right.

Mataileen L. Ramsdell is a Southerner who taught for a time in Ohio. This is her first appearance in a national magazine.

Kurt Werth is the illustrator.

IMMIGRATION, A FIELD FOR RESEARCH

MARCUS LEE HANSEN

THE addition to our population between 1815 and 1914 of thirty-five million Europeans marks an era in American history no less significant than the two centuries of colonization that preceded. In time, the change in sovereignty that occurred in 1776 will be regarded as an unnatural dividing line, and settlement will be viewed as a continuous process from its beginning in 1607 to its virtual close in 1914. By common usage, however, the term "immigration" applies to the period since the Revolution or, more specifically, to the still later period characterized by individual as distinguished from group migration.

A study of the various waves which have marked high points in the immigrant tide reveals a definite geographic origin for each. The adjectives "old" and "new" are commonly used to describe the change from Northern and Western Europe to the south and east late in the 19th century; but this general shift was no more significant than the deviations within each area. At any given time the phenomenon of emigration characterized not a nation as a whole, but a comparatively restricted part of it; and when it again made its appearance, though the participants were still listed as Germans or Italians, their origin was distinct. In every case, the exodus in that district was accompanied by a social and economic reorganization usually indicating an adjustment to modern life. Such reorganizations sometimes took place without emigration to America; but they were always attended by changes in

population—perhaps a drift to the cities, perhaps a movement to hitherto waste lands or to other parts of Europe. On occasion they resulted in a congestion of population which produced great social unrest. To the United States the people went only when American industry was prospering, and each wave of migration coincided with an era of unusual business activity. During the century, therefore, it may be said that America was a huge magnet of varying intensity, drawing the people of Europe from those regions where conditions made them mobile and from which transportation provided a path. American conditions determined the duration and height of the waves; European, the particular source.

Accordingly, both Europe and America comprise the field for research. Because students of 19th-century Europe have concentrated upon political developments, the student of American immigration will be forced to do much pioneer work which at first glance would seem to have little bearing on his topic. The fact is that emigration has been connected with as many phases of European life as immigration has of American life. Freedom to move, desire to move, and means to move summarize these phases. Each requires research, and each is a wide field. Freedom to move involves the process by which the remaining feudal bonds were loosened and the systems of land tenure revolutionized—in short, that break-up of the solidarity of the community which, in making the individual mobile, forced him to

shift for himself. Desire to move concerns political, economic, social, and psychological motives, and its roots may be found now in one, now in another, of the great movements of the century. How the emigrant obtained the means to leave is part of the history of the transfer of property and of the development of land and sea transportation.

Until a cheap and safe crossing of the Atlantic was provided, mass emigration was impossible. A study of the emigrant trade from the days when the captain journeyed inland to solicit passengers for his spring voyage to the time when no village was without its agency and no day passed without an emigrant ship leaving some European port would be a contribution to the history of both migration and commerce. But much preliminary work must be done, for the subject is bound up with technical progress, sanitary regulations, and the economics of return cargoes.

When upon the high seas, the emigrant was in the hands of some shipping company, and its policies exerted a vital influence on his movements. After the Civil War the rivalries of the lines often proved the dominant factor, as would be shown by a study of the competition of the German and English companies for the control of the Scandinavian trade, or the more general struggle to capture that of the Mediterranean. Rate wars upon the North Atlantic determined the extent and character of American immigration in certain years; and the peace terms which closed these wars had more influence upon the movement in succeeding years than any contemporary American legislation. Moreover, every port of embarkation has its own history, concerned, on the one hand, with the development of its interior net of communications and, on the other, with the nature of its Atlantic commerce. The tobacco trade of Bremen, the cotton

trade of Le Havre, and the timber trade of Liverpool dictated the American termini of voyages from those ports and thereby determined the racial complexion of certain sections. Were the archives of shipping companies opened, we could see the agents in operation, and how, when one reservoir of mankind was becoming exhausted, steps were being taken to educate another as to the advantages of emigration.

Though American tariff policy has long been a subject of historical research, the development of the legal conditions under which the most valuable of all our imports has entered has been entirely neglected. The state laws of immigration and settlement are usually characterized as dead letters, but neither the shippers nor the immigrants thought them such. The eventual assumption of regulation by the Federal government marked the culmination of a long agitation which concerned the Supreme Court, the transportation companies, organized labor, and the farmers. A cross section of these influences could be obtained by studying the Immigration Convention which met at Cincinnati in 1870. The progress of the movement for restriction, leading up to the present-day legislation, involves much social and political history. Castle Garden and Ellis Island are each worthy of a volume; and the administration of laws, the state labor bureaus, and the welfare activities at Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, and New Orleans should not be neglected.

An integral part of the history of immigration is the process of distribution of the newcomers. Just how were the two movements related? Why was it that the periods of small immigration were the periods of most active dispersion? The immediate destination of immigrants during each era of prosperity should be studied, and their participation in the landward movements following the crises in 1819,

IMMIGRATION, A FIELD FOR RESEARCH

1837, 1842, 1857, and 1873 determined. The return European migrations after 1893 and 1907, when it was easier for the immigrant to obtain land in Italy than in America, should receive attention. Not until much detailed research has been done can a theory of distribution be formulated. The investigation of many single aspects will be valuable contributions toward such a theory.

Before the days of the railroad, immigrants considered the journey from the seaport to the interior as difficult as crossing the Atlantic. Often it was as expensive and lasted as long. The immigrant trade on the great natural highways—the Hudson River, the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Great Lakes—should be studied in the same way as that of the Atlantic, in relation to the commerce carried. Pittsburgh and Buffalo, Chicago and St. Louis, should be investigated as immigrant distributing centers. Local ordinances and police restrictions will reveal how the hotels, land offices, and labor exchanges were regulated. We should know the reasons for the popularity of certain states or regions at certain times, as Pennsylvania and Illinois in the '20s, Missouri and Ohio in the '30s, Wisconsin in the '40s, and Iowa and Michigan in the '50s.

With the era of internal improvements a new factor in distribution appears. The census of 1850, the first providing statistics of the foreign-born by countries, reveals all the principal lines of immigrant travel. The zones of settlement represent, in part, accessibility and, in part, the residue left by the construction gangs. An analysis should be made of the labor policy of canals and railroads—the hierarchy of contractors and subcontractors, the recruiting of men, labor conditions, and the methods of preserving order. The history of a shanty town may be as rich in primitive self-government as any mining gulch in California.

These alien fringes sometimes resulted from the absconding of the labor contractor; but more often such communities comprised the staff necessary for the upkeep of the canal or railroad, together with those who judiciously chose uncleared lands or snapped up improved farms, and others attracted by the stimulated industrial activity. A study of biographies, in local histories or obituary notices, will reveal how often the nucleus of a later extended immigrant settlement began with such pioneers. When the railroads and canals themselves possessed lands, their land policy will explain much settlement. That the great Western railroads rank with the Colonial trading companies as American colonizers is becoming recognized, but the influence of the railroads in the older sections should not be overlooked. The opening of the Erie Railroad, for instance, brought thousands of newly arrived immigrants into southern New York and northern Pennsylvania. Access to a market was demanded by the immigrant who settled upon the land, whereas the native American was more self-sufficing.

When the rail net was completed to the Mississippi, the carriage of immigrants became an important feature. This business was sought by the railroads not only for the immediate revenue or the disposal of their lands, but for the more permanent income to be derived from settlement. Hence tickets were sold in the interior villages of Europe, alliances were formed with steamship lines, competition was bitter in the ports, and fares were reduced to ridiculous figures, as in the railroad war of 1885 when for a time the flat rate from New York to Chicago was only a dollar. The varying policies of individual roads, the relation of rates to settlement, the demands of certain industries for the supply of labor, as well as the history of the immigrant train itself as an institu-

tion, are all topics worthy of investigation. Nor should the "home seekers' excursions" be forgotten, which in times of industrial depression drew away persons who had settled in congested urban centers.

Land companies and individual land-owners supplemented the activities of the railroads. The rise of great land fortunes, the creation of these estates of hundreds of thousands and even millions of acres, is a phase of American settlement as yet obscure. The dissolution of these estates was intimately connected with the immigration of foreigners, as advertisements in the German and English agricultural journals of the '70s and '80s reveal. Agents of such estates were active in European villages, sticking up their posters in public houses, lecturing to improvement clubs and, allied with the railroad and state representatives, smoothing all the difficulties of migration. Though this mode of settlement is most noticeable in the last quarter of the 19th century, the same influence operated from the very beginning and often decided the permanent character of a given region. Thus, it was probably the opening of the Astor lands at an opportune moment that turned the tide of Germans to Wisconsin.

But there were also other factors influencing the process of distribution. Religious ties, which must be interpreted as including language and social customs as well as spiritual needs, played an important part. The early history of many rural parishes will show how the minister or priest turned solicitor and, working quietly year after year, changed his feeble missionary charge into a vigorous church. Ecclesiastical administrators undertook comprehensive plans, the Catholic Church producing a group of colonizing bishops in Fenwick of Boston, Ireland of St. Paul, and Byrne of Little Rock. The activities of each will repay study. The Irish Col-

onization Convention, which met at Buffalo in February, 1856, at the suggestion of D'Arcy McGee, proved a failure; but an analysis of the plans there promulgated will prove an interesting indication of racial consciousness, and their final wreck, due to the opposition of Bishop Hughes of New York, will provide an enlightening picture of rival group ambitions. Many congregations, especially of Germans and Scandinavians, migrated as a unit; but although almost any county history of the Middle West mentions the arrival of some such body, the economic history of no one of them has ever been written.

Through the operation of these factors of distribution the immigrant entered some line of economic activity in country, village, or city. His energies usually raised him to a different social plane and, at the same time, influenced the material welfare of his American neighbors. The economic history of "foreign" farming communities has varied with the local conditions existing upon the arrival of the immigrants and their financial resources. Many were left stranded in the small towns and villages. Here they served as carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, and casual laborers. Some obtained a footing in commercial life and their children became merchants and bankers. Professional men of immigrant parentage were recruited almost exclusively from this class, so their influence as leaders of the second generation was far greater than their numerical proportion would warrant. Others of this group, however, were the ne'er-do-wells that have contributed so much to the flavor of Main Street literature.

Industry played a part in the initial stages of dispersion by providing jobs, from the savings of which the immigrant might acquire a farm. Some "foreign" groups, however, preferred the opportunities and sociability of the cities. The racial evolution of a purely manufactur-

IMMIGRATION, A FIELD FOR RESEARCH

ing city, such as Lowell, Massachusetts, will provide illustrations—with the Irish displacing, or at least taking the place of, the Yankees; the French Canadians succeeding the Irish; and they in turn followed by the Greeks and Slavs.

When the process of distribution had been completed and a definite economic status achieved, social life took on clearer form. If the immigrant's lot was cast in a purely American environment, he soon lost his characteristics or became a social hermit. More often, he was surrounded by hundreds who had the same life history and, in company with them, he built up a society neither European nor American. At present there exist probably a score of types of these societies. Research should begin with the effects of the American scene upon the individual. How did it influence his health? When did he discard his old clothing, and when and why did he become ashamed of being "different"? What changes occurred in his principles and morals, and why did he become more ambitious? What new interests did he most easily adopt and which of the old most quickly disappeared? The determination of how immigrant reaction has varied with time, place, and nationality may seem to present insuperable difficulties. But it is not impossible. Biographies, reminiscences, and letters exist by the thousand; acute observations were made by travelers; and the missionary reports teem with comments.

The social history of the alien family provides a clue to much community development. What variations in internal administration and authority resulted from the migration? The persistence of family traditions, customs and even names, the training of children in the years before going to school, the family pastimes and mutual obligations are pertinent topics. In time the second generation became

a disturbing element. Unnumbered household revolutions occurred, the rebels demanding modernization of furniture, food, and dress, and often a change of religion. When they succeeded in securing control of the family, the strongest bulwark of hyphenism was carried. The success or failure of such movements should be related to nationality, location, religion, and community type.

Finally, community activities demand research. Everyday life in Boston and Milwaukee and a score of other immigrant "capitals" should be described. The sociology of the 160-acre farm is as worthy of investigation as that of the ante-bellum plantation. What amusements, festivals, commercial and social habits prevailed? How was an immigrant aristocracy created, and was it an expression of European or American standards? What was the opinion as to intermarriage with other groups, and what was the social effect of such alliances? Did each nationality manifest a characteristic attitude toward social problems, such as temperance and Sunday observance? At what stage and why did native prejudice express itself, and did it cause an intensification of peculiarities? What traits persisted after the first generation had passed, and was a constant influx necessary to maintain group individuality?

As long as any community retained its own language, amalgamation with American social life was impossible. From the first, immigrant leaders complained of the eagerness with which the people discarded their mother tongue. Its retention became the cornerstone of all efforts to maintain solidarity. Historically, therefore, the problem has two aspects: first, the varying circumstances that led to the adoption of English; and, secondly, the positive language-policy of the leaders. The matter being so personal, the mate-

rials for the study of the first are scant. But the second generation, now so widely represented in the colleges, might be subjected to a questionnaire, for it was in the inner life of the bilingual families that the transition took place. For the second point the materials are abundant. Sooner or later in every denomination the language question arose, and the proceedings of church conventions and the columns of the official organs are filled with debates and resolutions. Even more abundant are the materials for a history of the teaching of foreign languages in the public schools. Every state board of education was subjected to tremendous pressure, and in many states every ward and school district witnessed similar propaganda. The language legislation during the World War, interesting as a manifestation of war psychology, can be more clearly understood in the light of these concessions.

But the language question is but one phase of the much broader subject of the migration of institutions. How these institutions were set up, how they thrive in the American atmosphere, and how they competed with the native institutions form part of the history of immigration. The process of their transplantation is obscure, though a few years after settlement we can see them in full bloom—churches, parochial schools, academies, fraternal organizations. There are Portuguese bands, Welsh *cisteddfods*, German turnvereins, Bohemian *sokols* and Polish falcons. Each nationality at every period demands special study. What applies to the Irish differs from what applies to the Hungarians; and conditions among the Germans in 1840 are different from those in 1880. The situation varies with the intensity of national feeling in the European countries, with the amount of support given by organizations at home, with the internal politics of the immigrant group in America, and with the amount of

opposition which native institutions exhibited.

It was the American churches and their missionary activities that offered the strongest resistance. They met the invaders on their own ground and fought them with their own language. Maintaining seminaries on American soil, they had an advantage which the European training schools could not duplicate, and their success was the despair of the early missionaries from the churches of Europe. Psychologically, the years of migration provided a fertile field for the propagation of new faiths, and the result was the division of the nationalities, especially the old immigrants, among sects, and the breakup of migrating denominations into many branches. Much as these divisions were to be deplored from the point of view of effective religious service, they did act as agents of Americanization by dissolving the ties with European hierarchies and placing administration in the hands of those who were directed by American organizations.

This mingling of social systems raises the natural question: what has immigration as a whole, or any national stock, contributed to American culture? Many intellectuals among the newcomers thought of themselves as the bearers of a higher civilization, and their descendants have been assiduous in pressing these claims, so that today the national origin of every man who achieved distinction has been duly acclaimed. We have lists of statesmen, soldiers, poets, novelists, engineers, and educators, presenting a formidable array. But this method does not reach the heart of the problem. It is in the township, the village, or the city ward that the leaven in the lump can be detected. There the investigator will find the German singing society, which gradually took into its ranks non-Germans,

IMMIGRATION, A FIELD FOR RESEARCH

stimulated the formation of other organizations and provided a winter's concert course. There he will find the immigrant music teacher, who passed on the training of his Old World masters to the offspring of a dozen nations. He will see a reading circle develop into a library reflecting the particular bent of its originators, thereby helping to determine the literary character of the community. He will see the immigrant schoolmaster transmitting his own training and producing among his pupils an unusually large proportion of scientists, philosophers, or farmers. When a few hundred such studies have been made and compared, we can more confidently say what each group has contributed to the cultural possessions of American society.

In certain centers the mingling of immigrant contributions may be analyzed. There are the universities, many of whose professors have been drawn from European institutions, and whose training is reflected in the organization and scope of the curriculum. Hundreds of each nationality have sat in Congress and in the State Legislatures. Have they been conspicuous in producing legislation to foster the arts and sciences? In the cities theaters have been promoted by almost every alien group. When they disappeared, did they leave any trace of their influence upon the American stage? At what times and for what reasons have European classics become popular, either in the original or in translation? What scientific, literary, artistic, or musical causes have been championed by the immigrant groups? What literature did the immigrants beget, and what characteristic traits of American literature derive from such origins?

These questions can be answered only by access to sources that depict the inner life of a group. Such a source is the widespread foreign-language press. To peruse

its pages gives a vivid cross-section of community activities. But it is as a political exponent or political instructor that the immigrant press merits the greatest attention. With the increasing percentage of naturalized voters, its relation to the succeeding political crises becomes of greater significance. In another and increasingly important field it became the guide—foreign affairs. Whatever may be said of the course of the American press generally in respect to European news before the World War, the foreign-language newspapers were not ignorant, and did not slight such topics. Each of the diplomatic crises that mark the advance to August, 1914, forms the basis of news and editorial comment that reflected prevailing opinion in the country of origin. Consequently, these people in America were almost as prepared for war, psychologically, as any in Europe; and when the conflict did come, the whole battery of the press was turned upon the American policy of neutrality, thus creating many of the internal problems of the troubled years from 1914 to 1917. The historian who attempts to unravel the political skein of that period must first trace the development of the international state of mind of these groups.

In the formation of this state of mind the press was by 1914 receiving the assistance of powerful allies. The new-immigrant elements were becoming more conscious of their origin. Immigrants of forty years' residence were becoming reflective. An unusually large number of reminiscences appeared; histories were being written; and alliances, foundations, and leagues were being organized. Though largely cultural in their ambitions, these societies could not exclude politics in times of crisis, and in 1914 they played the role in national politics which for practically a century as local societies they had enacted in their own neighborhoods.

It is in these local circles that the student of the political influence of immigrant groups will make his start. There are perhaps a hundred such clubs that demand a historian. He will investigate the circumstances attending the organization of each, trace the political allegiance of the moving spirits in the venture, analyze its program, ferret out the speakers, and interpret the toasts at the annual banquets. Soon he will find its leaders becoming aldermen and its more prosperous members being favored with city and state contracts. The advantages of naturalization are urged, and committees appointed to welcome the immigrants and train them in the political way in which they should go. These features, be it emphasized, are not necessarily the most important activities of the society; but this approach to the problem is the direct path into the maze of local politics, where new and bewildered voters are captured for this or that party, and in turn the party is influenced in its attitude toward public issues.

The immigrant came with preconceived attitudes which conditioned his reaction to American life. One of them relates that for ten years before his departure he read all the letters which reached the village from those who had already migrated; and when he heard that here or there within the range of a dozen miles someone had returned to visit relatives or friends, he called on foot to catechize him more particularly. From such reminiscences, in newspapers, magazines, and books, an attempt should be made to deduce the prevailing attitude toward American problems at various periods, in order to estimate the background of political reactions. Important among such sources are the addresses and writings of the many successful immigrants who later returned to their native country to serve as ministers and consuls.

The political machines found the alien voters susceptible. The issues that were emphasized, the attentions paid to visiting foreign notables, the injection of religious controversies, were all means to an end. The fire, police, and street departments of every city have an immigrant history. Naturalization clubs flourished in all large communities, some of them bona-fide efforts to train immigrants to become citizens, others the creatures of the machine. As early as the decade of the '30s, efforts to secure the German or Irish vote may be recognized locally. The spread of such tactics from city government to state government and thence into national politics should be traced.

In the rural regions the "foreigners" in a township were either so few that they did not count, or so many that they had entire control. A township of the latter type provides an enlightening laboratory. Here is a community governed by men who perhaps had no training in democracy. Under such circumstances what type of men came forward? Did they merely imitate their neighbors, or were they more progressive or more conservative? To which did they pay the more attention, schools or roads? Were the German immigrants after 1848 more politically-minded than their predecessors, and did any change occur after 1871? It is questions such as these that the student who has before him the records of a North Dakota or a Wisconsin township can answer.

With these matters disposed of, it will be more possible to generalize as to whether the immigrants have contributed anything to American political ideals. Perhaps they retarded the progress of democracy by burdening it with a mass of citizens unprepared for self-government. It may be that their European attitude led to more social legislation and fostered the movement toward centrali-

zation. On occasion, they have been more interested in fighting the battles of the old country than in participating in the affairs of the new. Irish, German, Hungarian, Polish, and Italian patriotic movements operated from an American base about the middle of the last century; and research will probably reveal that the emergence of the new nations of Eastern and Central Europe in consequence of the World War was possible only because there had existed in America, for a generation or two, active colonies of those nationalities, which had kept alive the ideal of independence and could offer financial support and political pressure at the critical moment. Such activities, which to the natives seemed alien to American life, prepared the way for the anti-“foreigner” movements from the time of the Know Nothings down to the era of the present immigration act.

Countries of origin were dismayed by their loss when they saw their ports thronged with the sturdiest of their peasantry. Efforts to stem the movement were attempted. Special attention should be directed to the Scandinavian societies which agitated against emigration, and the relation of empire settlement to variations in the flow of the British current. The positive policy of Italy in securing economic advantages from the movement will be found an essential factor in the development of the characteristics of the “new” immigration.

European governments, moreover, realized that their political as well as their economic life was involved. Experience with a few returned radicals revealed a new threat to their institutions. Consequently, persons who had been in America were regarded with suspicion and, if necessary, their freedom in action and speech was limited. At times newspapers, periodicals, books, and even personal let-

ters were subjected to censorship. Here is a rich field for those who would trace the development of 19th-century democracy. What influence American political theory had upon the minds of those who were the leaders; how the framework of the American republic was the model for projected European republics; and how the peasant who had neither political theories nor visionary governments in mind began vaguely to feel that things could be better because they were better across the Atlantic—these matters require investigation.

The source material from which the history of immigration can be drawn is infinite. Not until the movement was clearly defined were bureaus for its supervision created by the European governments. Long before their reports appear, however, pertinent official documents are available. There are ponderous investigations of land tenure, feudal services, taxation, marriage laws, poverty, and military affairs. Petitions to legislatures provoked debates in which members gave testimony and suggested remedies. Consuls residing abroad reported on the fate of fellow-countrymen who had settled in their districts. Charitable organizations investigated the feasibility of obtaining relief by systematic emigration and, in doing so, laid bare the social maladjustments that were stimulating departure. Farmers discussed the problem of rural labor at their meetings, and local correspondents of agricultural journals commented on the changes in population that were effecting a revolution in local society.

In the countries of Northwest Europe, emigration produced a literature of its own. Before commerce undertook the task of watching over the voyager from his native village to his new home, emigrants traveled “by the book.” A comparative study of these guidebooks reveals

the changes that took place from decade to decade in the routes, difficulties, costs, and even motives of emigration. The files of emigrants' periodicals also present a rich opportunity, with their advertisements of land and transportation companies, news items, letters from settlers, notes on labor conditions, and descriptive poetry and fiction.

In time, the business of catering to the needs of emigrants became a major concern of the ports of embarkation. Their newspapers and commercial journals and the official city and port documents report the almost daily variation in the flow as well as the general trade conditions influencing transportation. City information bureaus were established, protective societies formed, and religious organizations were not slow in undertaking missionary work. All these left records. The actual transatlantic journey is depicted in the works of travelers, most of whom inspected the steerage. The less picturesque aspects of the traffic may be discovered in the annual reports of shipping companies, the columns of commercial periodicals, and the findings of official investigations.

In America all sources of pioneer history can make a contribution, but there are two which bear directly on the immigrant elements. One is the immigrant press discussed above, the other the great mass of literature connected with the religious conditions of the immigrants. Bishops and missionaries on their travels could not overlook the material situation of their flocks, and in their reports this interest is reflected. How much lies buried in church archives can only be imagined; the great amount that found its way into print has hardly been touched. In Europe

societies were formed to promote the spiritual welfare of the emigrants, and their publications are even more informative.

But such materials can be found in few libraries to which students have ready access. A painstaking search is necessary before the investigator can attack his problems. Accordingly, it is suggested that, as the first step in developing the field, a survey be made to locate the raw materials. Such a survey would extend beyond the libraries of universities and the great public libraries. It would explore the riches of the theological institutions and the archives of church headquarters. It would reveal unexpected treasures on the shelves of local historical societies and in the libraries of immigrant communities. Such a comprehensive investigation would do more than shorten the labors of the student. It would be the best guarantee that the history of American immigration will be written on the broad and impartial lines that its place in our national development deserves.

*The essay is from the late Marcus Lee Hansen's book *The Immigrant in American History* (Harvard University Press; \$2.50). It indicates practical lines of approach to a rich and too-neglected field in American scholarship. Reprints are available for class use and other purposes. The entire book from which it is taken should be read and studied by all closely interested in the story and problems of immigration, as should his other fine volume, *The Atlantic Migration* (also Harvard; \$3.50), the 1940 Pulitzer Prize winner in history.—L.A.*

DISCRIMINATION—DEFENSE BOTTLE-NECK

ALAN CRANSTON

BIG husky Antonin Szabo, who was born in Bohemia, stood in line six hours the day they were hiring machine tool operators. When he got to the head of the line, he was brushed aside: he was not yet a citizen.

He went home and sat awhile and wondered, fingering his first papers, which the plant had ignored. He knew there was a job to do, and he wanted to help. Finally he got out a pencil and a piece of paper, and put down what had happened. He addressed the letter to Uncle Sam.

The postman grinned and directed the letter to Washington, D.C. It was opened at the White House, and, after a bit of wandering about, landed on the desk of Dr. Will W. Alexander, in OPM.

Not many days later, a man called on Antonin Szabo. He wasn't wearing a tall and star-studded hat, or even striped trousers, but he said he represented Uncle Sam, so Antonin told him all about it. The man then visited the employer who had refused to hire him.

"The labor supply is dwindling everywhere, and vanishing in some regions and some skills—particularly in the machine tool industries," he said. "None of your tool operators are doing Government work, and at least half the machinists and operators here in New Jersey are aliens. The more we can shove into non-defense work, the more citizens we'll have for work on secret and confidential Government orders—the only place where the law requires citizen labor.

"We've checked Szabo's character record, and it's clean. He's a competent tool operator—worked in Pennsylvania for almost two years. Haven't you got room for him?"

Antonin Szabo was hired, and if the law or downright prejudice had barred him from that plant, Uncle Sam's troubleshooter would probably have found him a job elsewhere. It sounds like a lot of trouble to go to for one worker, and particularly for one alien, but OPM is doing it day in and day out for aliens, for foreign-born citizens and their children and grandchildren, and for Negroes.

Dr. Alexander explained it to me this way: "Imagine how a victim of discrimination feels when he finds the Government will help him get a job. All his friends will hear about it! The day he goes to work, labor supply gains one man, and national unity gains a whole community.

"It's nonsense for democracy to deny any group the privilege of contributing to its defense against forces asserting the superiority of one particular race. You'll never catch Hitler overlooking any such vast supply of skilled and loyal workers. Yet in many of our industrial areas, Negroes, aliens, naturalized citizens, and even native-born workers with foreign names are idle, while employers waste time and money importing labor from neighboring cities and states."

The qualifications imposed from plant to plant are arbitrary and capricious and

COMMON GROUND

totally unrelated to competence. Even where skilled and semi-skilled labor is desperately needed, Negroes, Jews, and the foreign-born find it difficult to move on from training courses to defense jobs, and so, while job-hunting, they take additional courses. Some of them are by now among the best trained men in the country—but they are unemployed. Vocational schools are commencing to make matters worse by barring groups subjected to discrimination, in order to protect their placement records.

One New York firm will employ no naturalized citizens, but will take any native-born Americans. Another will accept no naturalized or first-generation Americans of German or Italian extraction. From New England to the Pacific coast, aliens and citizens of even remote German and Italian backgrounds are denied employment in factories turning out such non-defense items as clothing, kitchen utensils, tooth paste, and chewing gum.

Out in Southern California the aircraft industry employs 60,000 men and—shades of the Joads!—is raiding the Texas labor market for more. But less than a dozen of the 60,000 are Negroes, though there are thousands of Negroes, many of them well-trained, looking for work in Southern California. (As the magazine goes to press, OPM is on the verge of announcing that two of Southern California's largest aircraft plants have agreed to start employing Negroes.) Discrimination in defense industries is revealed in cities with constant Negro populations and diminishing alien populations where the number of Negroes and aliens on relief has declined less rapidly than in other groups since the defense program got under way.

Figure this out on a national scale—the effect upon labor supply, defense production, national unity, democracy, and what-

ever the tanks and bombers are intended to defend. We have about 13,000,000 Negroes, 5,000,000 aliens, and 4,500,000 Jews in the United States, together with nearly 7,000,000 citizens of German origin and 4,500,000 citizens of Italian background. Allow for some overlapping, and you still have more than a quarter of the nation falling into groups widely subject to employment discrimination. Ridiculous? Yes, but whether you are in California or New York, you can find plants where anyone in those groups is arbitrarily denied employment.

The monumental size of the job undertaken by OPM becomes still more apparent when you discover the extent to which the United States Government itself discriminates. I have been told of several private plants refusing to hire anyone whose grandparents were not born here. The only instance I have found of discrimination rooted further back is within the Government. OPM may be unimportant enough to hire a couple of immigrants named Knudsen and Hillman—but Naval Intelligence excludes all who are not at least fourth-generation Americans!

Many other departments have ignored the principle expressed in the Constitution that only the privilege of holding the office of President shall be withheld from foreign-born citizens. Aliens, of course, are taboo in Government posts and long have been denied WPA work, but on this latter point there is conflict. To some it has seemed a bit too drastic to bar from WPA a group already discriminated against in private industry, but President Roosevelt suggested in vain this spring that Congress eliminate this restriction. Not a cent of this year's \$875,000,000 appropriation may be used to employ aliens even with first papers; but the Administration has now earmarked \$14,000,000 of this for an Americanization program for non-citizens—many of whom will have

DISCRIMINATION—DEFENSE BOTTLE-NECK

been forced on relief by double-barrelled discrimination.

Congress has enacted no laws barring Negroes from Government work, but despite whatever Civil Service ratings they achieve, they find it difficult to land jobs in Washington more complex than running elevators or messengers. Jews, too, are scarce in certain Government departments.

State and local governments are guilty of similar forms of discrimination. There is a Rhode Island statute barring aliens from chauffeuring, upheld by the courts on the grounds that aliens would have less concern than citizens for the public—and apparently their own—safety. Citizenship is also required for selling junk in Virginia and collecting garbage in Seattle. The medical profession is restricted to citizens, by statute in eleven states, and by ruling of the medical boards in fifteen more. A few weeks ago, however, Governor Dwight H. Green vetoed a bill to extend this restriction to Illinois, one of eleven additional states with statutes barring aliens from the profession unless they have first papers. He pointed out that Illinois laws and regulations exact high qualifications from those seeking to practice, and are enforced by officials fully competent to determine the attainments of all applicants, including aliens. "When those who apply are found qualified, however, we are given the advantage of their skill, and this advantage is gained at a time when national preparedness, through the induction of great numbers of men in our professions, has depleted the number of those available for home service," Governor Green declared. "In more than half the world, the forces of oppression and totalitarianism are at war to destroy the principles of free democracy. This nation still stands as the one in which the rights of the individual to sustain himself by his own efforts are guar-

anteed. I do not believe that this is the time to weaken or withdraw that guaranty of freedom and opportunity."

The battle of OPM against discrimination is at once simplified and confounded by the fact that the Government propagates discrimination, in addition to practicing it. Congress outlawed employment of aliens in work on secret and confidential defense contracts, and placed the burden of enforcing this prohibition on employers by providing a stiff penalty for failure to observe it. So Mr. Smith, who was unwittingly born in an area of Arizona where birth records have not been kept, and Mr. Jones, whose record was burned with the San Francisco court house, have lost their defense jobs as quickly as Mr. Pantellevich Niemojowski, who didn't emigrate from Poland until he was six months old. Many aliens have lost or been denied jobs simply because there is no authoritative interpretation of the laws respecting employment of aliens on sub-contracts, and little consistency between various Army and Navy bureaus in applying the restrictions even where the law is clear. The procedure for waiving restrictions for aliens with special abilities is little understood and so wound up in red tape that attempts to utilize it are rare. Often inadvertently, FBI agents and Army and Navy inspectors have left many employers with the impression that the Government wants all the foreign-born ousted from defense industries.

When American fears of fifth columnists were at their height after the fall of France, Attorney General Jackson was asked if employers should dismiss all aliens. "Certainly not loyal and faithful ones," he replied. Experts agree that such mass action would breed a false sense of security and simplify the work of enemy hirelings with documents tracing their American ancestry back to the days of Benedict Arnold. The only sound method

COMMON GROUND

is to segregate work within the plants, provide careful supervision where there is any reason to fear sabotage, and put the responsibility for weeding out dangerous workers in the hands of the FBI and other agencies primarily interested in prevention of espionage and sabotage.

"Discrimination doesn't walk on all fours," observed Dr. Alexander, when I told him a Social Security statistician had drawn me a neat chart blaming the Government for discrimination against the foreign-born, employers for that against the Jews, and workers for that against the Negroes. Reports trickle to Washington of Germans refusing to hire Jews, Jews refusing to hire Germans, and both refusing to hire Negroes; and of Californians refusing to employ "Okies" and "Arkies." I asked Dr. Robert C. Weaver, the Ph.D. great-grandson of a slave, who is in charge of OPM's campaign to open defense jobs to Negroes, how much opposition actually comes from white workers.

"Most of that is bunk," he said. "Twenty-five per cent of our trouble may be caused by labor, but no more. Employers say white men won't work with Negroes, but then they admit they've never tried it. A big contractor gave me that excuse just the other day, and then I pointed outside his window where one of his sub-contractors had a crew of 60 Negroes and 30 whites working together in perfect harmony."

Dr. Weaver and Dr. Alexander work together, because they know theirs is really a single job, and the latter told me a similar story. The President of one of America's biggest manufacturing companies was telling him that Negroes couldn't handle responsible positions, when the Vice-President interrupted to remind him of one of their principal plants, where a Negro has for ten years been foreman over 100 white women, all

of whom agree he is the best boss they've ever had. Eighteen large unions exclude Negroes, and many bar aliens, but more are out to organize workers regardless of race, creed, color, or nationality.

Dr. Weaver considers long, traditional prejudice the principal factor behind Negro discrimination. It is evident in the inhibitions of employers against opening up new industries, such as aircraft, to colored people, and against re-opening older industries in which whites were given preference during the Depression. Similarly, Dr. Alexander finds much discrimination against aliens and the foreign-born stemming from a feeling among many employers that by so doing they are caring for America first. Minimum-wage laws have ended the days when Negroes and aliens were eagerly hired as a means to beat down wages and split labor, but in many cases these social gains have meant not higher wages for Negroes and aliens, but no wages at all.

The two men are eager for all possible assistance in locating plants practicing discrimination, and helping victims find employment. The Common Council and several other organizations are already serving as channels for reporting cases to Washington. Often it develops that a man who complains has in reality been turned down for lack of skill or for a bad record; but if he is an honest-to-goodness victim of discrimination, Dr. Alexander feels that a place must be found for him. Dr. Weaver has begun by placing Negroes of outstanding skill, thereby convincing employers that mass discrimination is utterly wasteful.

They are carrying their campaign to the big plants, with fair success. One of Dr. Weaver's assistants spent some time attempting to persuade two Long Island aircraft firms, Grumman Aeronautical Engineering Company and Republic Aviation Company, to hire Negroes. One day

DISCRIMINATION—DEFENSE BOTTLE-NECK

the former agreed, and “Dolly” King, sharp-shooting basketball star of the Long Island Blackbirds, signed on as a shipping clerk and promptly joined the Grumman basketball team. A few days later, Dr. Weaver’s assistant dropped in at the Republic plant. “Say,” said the manager, “can you get me a basketball star, too?” A bargain was struck, and Negroes went to work at Republic.

President Roosevelt issued an executive order, June 25, requiring that every defense contract contain a provision obligating the contractor “not to discriminate against any worker because of race, creed, color, or national origin.” Further results may come from the Committee on Fair Employment Practice just set up in OPM to receive and investigate complaints of

discrimination in violation of this contract clause. This Committee may soon conduct hearings in places where discrimination is particularly flagrant.

It is well understood in Washington that here is a job of education, even within some of the Government departments themselves. It is understood that real unity and real defense will become possible only as we realize that all of us—whites, Negroes, Jews, naturalized citizens, aliens—are here to stay, and that discrimination puts us in partnership with Hitler by dividing us, segregating us, turning us against one another and against America.

Alan Cranston is on the Washington staff of the Common Council.

LEGISLATIVE NOTES

THE Hobbs bill (H.R.3) was reported by the House Judiciary Committee on June 2, without important amendment. The way was cleared for an early vote by the House when the measure was granted a rule by the Rules Committee on July 16.

Meanwhile, Representative Allen of Louisiana has introduced a substitute (H.R.4861) for the Hobbs bill, along the lines predicted in the Summer issue of COMMON GROUND. Hearings on this sweeping anti-alien measure will be held by the House Immigration Committee early in September.

The Committee reported another Allen bill (H.R.4873) on June 22, providing that no alien interned by a nation at war shall be eligible for admission to the United States until a year after he has been granted unconditional freedom. This would exclude many aliens who for re-

ligious or political reasons have fought dictatorship and landed in concentration camps, and would give preferential quota status to those who have subscribed to or acquiesced in dictatorship.

Two important measures have been enacted. Public Law No. 113 authorizes United States consuls to refuse visas of any sort to aliens whose admission they believe would endanger the public safety, but requires that such cases be promptly referred to the Secretary of State. Public Law No. 114 amends the Act of May 22, 1918, by extending the President’s power to prescribe rules and regulations governing the entry and departure of citizens and aliens, formerly limited to periods when the United States was at war, to the present national emergency, and gives to the President such control over aliens whenever there is a war between two or more nations.

• Organizations and Their Work •

NOT FAIR ENOUGH

IN his syndicated column, "Fair Enough," Westbrook Pegler last summer advocated that the United States establish a longer probationary period than the five years now required for naturalization, or close the books entirely to further citizenship and create, within the present population, a "Class B citizenship." Under this system, all government officials and labor-union leaders would be restricted to "native Americans."

In a letter to the press on July 17, commenting on Mr. Pegler's surprise at the angry dissent aroused by these proposals, Read Lewis, director of the Common Council, asked, "What did he expect of a proposal so undemocratic, so contrary to 300 years of American tradition, and so wide of the facts?"

"Let us apply to would-be citizens the most rigid tests of loyalty and character that Mr. Pegler can devise," said Mr. Lewis, "but why should we exclude men and women from citizenship simply because they were born elsewhere? Arbitrary exclusion regardless of individual merit smacks of the group discrimination we condemn when we see it practiced in totalitarian countries. At no point does the present world struggle between two ways of life challenge us more bluntly than in the belief and practice of justice and equality for all, regardless of birth, creed, or color. Would not Mr. Pegler's proposal subtract from the very democracy we want to defend?"

"For 300 years, generation after generation of immigrants has come to our shores, been accepted into a common citizenship, and contributed by hand and

heart and brain to the building of our common country. This practice and ideal have been woven into its very pattern. Does Mr. Pegler really think we can cast them out without losing something of the essence of America? The United States is free to make what immigration laws it will, but once having admitted a loyal and law-abiding immigrant, the only course that accords with American interests and ideals is to treat him as the prospective partner that he is.

"Mr. Pegler urges a different course because he has been impressed by the case of a certain foreign-born criminal. The truth is that the foreign-born are more law-abiding than the native-born. According to the yearly statistics of the FBI, for every 100,000 native-born white persons in the United States, 619.9 were arrested, in 1940; for every 100,000 foreign-born white persons, only 201.7.

"Mr. Pegler charges that 'many of our naturalized citizens have voted by blocs and have turned important elections by their solidarity under the leadership of political colonizers or padrones.' For years the Common Council made careful studies of national elections with reference to this so-called 'foreign vote.' These all showed that, despite certain superficial appearances to the contrary, a 'foreign-born bloc' is sheer myth, that among foreign-born voters there are as sharp divisions of opinion as among the native-born. A study of the Presidential election in 1932 showed, for example, that of the foreign-language papers in the United States which took definite stands for the two major candidates, 163 were

ORGANIZATIONS AND THEIR WORK

friendly to Roosevelt and 152 supported Hoover. 24 German papers supported Hoover, 20 Roosevelt; 26 Italian papers supported Hoover, 26 Roosevelt; 22 Polish papers supported Hoover, 20 Roosevelt.

"Mr. Pegler also charges that unlike the workers of an earlier generation 'the newer immigration has consisted largely of people who sought only safety and regarded this country as a refuge and nothing else.' Few generalizations could be more untrue or more unfair. Since 1918 the dictatorships of Europe have sent to our shores an extraordinary range of writers, artists, scientists, men of business initiative and experience, teachers, and inventors. They have come not primarily for economic motives but for certain ideals of liberty. They are the '48ers of our time. There have been necessarily

some undesirables, as in any large number; but as a whole they have been men and women of more than average education and skills. This newer immigration, studded with names like Einstein, Thomas Mann, Salvemini, Sikorsky, Borgese, Carl Friedrich, Max Ascoli, Franz Werfel, is likely to make as profound a contribution to American life and culture as any generation of immigrants ever admitted to the United States. No newcomers have sought American citizenship more eagerly or with better preparation.

"Mr. Pegler's proposal that we bar our doors against them is not likely to be taken seriously—even by himself—but it would be a great pity if his articles are allowed to mislead people or foster cleavages at a time when we need the maximum of unity and understanding."

WRITING under the heading "America for Americans," I. F. Stone in the Washington Post for July 29, 1941, also refutes Mr. Pegler. He says in part:

"It is to the Founding Fathers of the Third Reich that Mr. Pegler must look for precedent and guidance in his proposal for a Class B citizenship. Its possibilities in this country are greater than they were in Germany, for there Hitler only separated the 'non-Aryan' from the 'Aryan' German. With our diverse racial backgrounds and layers of immigration, Americans could be split up with more variety.

"If a first-generation American is not as good as a second-generation American, is a second-generation as good as a third? Is a third-generation Polish American as good as a second-generation Irish American?

"To which might be added another question: What little man with what little mustache would like Americans to be discussing these questions?

"Unwittingly Mr. Pegler has stumbled upon the methods the Nazis hope to use for the disintegration of America. They hope to encourage Americans to think in terms of their differences of racial origin rather than their heritage of a common democratic tradition. They hope to use the melting pot for a witches' brew of mutual hatred and suspicion.

"This kind of racialism is important to the Nazis for many reasons. They cannot use Americans of German origin for their purpose unless the rest of us first undermine their loyalty by treating them as unwelcome and suspect. The Nazis can find no more potent way to destroy our national unity in a time of crisis than to set us squabbling among ourselves over our family trees and dates of arrival. The most important reason is the least tangible. It is to rob America of faith in itself and the ideals on which it was founded.

"This is the kind of psychological weapon the Nazis wield so effectively. A

COMMON GROUND

man who has lost faith in himself makes a poor opponent, and what is true of a man is also true of a people. A nation whose spiritual roots lie in the affirmation

of human equality cannot survive half Class A and half Class B. It cannot establish inequality without poisoning the sources of its confidence and pride."

I AM AN AMERICAN

SPEAKING at "I Am an American Day" exercises in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on May 19, Mrs. Magdelaine Sellas voiced the reactions of thousands of new citizens.

"Until a month ago, I was Greek," said Mrs. Sellas. "Tonight I am an American."

"When I came from my native country, the people ruled there even as they do in the United States. Tonight Greece and I and all the others who were born in that distant land mourn for her lost freedom, but we shall speak and work and live in such a way that we may hold forever the freedom America has given us."

"I am sure I speak for every man and woman who has become a citizen tonight. We have two children in school, and they will be able to choose any work they

want. We go to the church in which we want to worship. In our meetings we say what we like without fear. We read the papers and talk about the news even though we don't always agree. We know we can do these things because the Constitution of the United States has given us the freedom to do so."

"I think it is not just the Constitution but the will of the American people that protects my family as well as all the others. . . . We are grateful for the honor this great country has done us in accepting us into its citizenship. We not only wish to be American citizens, but we want to do our share in being good citizens. For every protection and privilege we receive, we want to pay back in love and understanding."

"We are proud to be Americans."

MUSIC FOR AMERICANS

GOVERNMENT agencies are finding music a way to develop closer ties between Americans of various national backgrounds. The Immigration Service of the Department of Justice, over the Mutual Broadcasting System, last summer began a series of choral concerts called "I Hear America Singing!" Programs included songs of freedom, many now forbidden in their native lands, sung by organizations like the Polish Echo Singing Society of New York, the All-American Boys Choir,

and the Helvetia Männerchor of New York.

Similarly, the National Youth Administration, in co-operation with the National Broadcasting Company, presented "NYA—Music for Americans," a series of symphonic programs dedicated to the various groups who have contributed to American democracy, playing music of the Old World from which they came and of the New World to which they have pledged allegiance.

ORGANIZATIONS AND THEIR WORK

The NYA also helps develop musical opportunities for Negro youth. A recent nationwide broadcast of a mixed chorus in Philadelphia climaxed five years of work. Over 50 Negro young people have been assigned to the project—some with previous experience, the majority untrained, with only the desire to express themselves in song. Interest grew until classes in music appreciation, the history

of music, harmony and composition, and individual training for solo work were added.

In the Southwest, particularly in the states bordering on Mexico, the NYA program has included many Spanish American musicians. A number of groups have been organized which employ the instruments and compositions traditional in the culture of the early Spanish settlers.

HOPING FOR THE PROMISED RIGHTS

THE Common Council recently sent out to 900 foreign-language newspapers an open letter inviting persons experiencing discrimination or knowing of discrimination "for reasons of national origin, race, or creed" to write in. Among the answers that have come from all over the United States is this from a native-born American of Spanish descent:

"I have seen your kind imbitation to the people of Spanish language in the paper 'La Prensa' of San Antonio, Texas. Of this I am very much grateful and I for one from the state of Colorado Answer the Call.

"I see as the race discrimination exists every where just as an excuse to get the best position in life among the working classes. For instances according to the article in 'La Prensa,' New York State is at the front on the struggle against the Race Prejudice, in that State the oppressed races are Germans, Italians, Jews and Color people, while here in Colorado, Arizona, California, Texas and everywhere there is an individual of Indo American blood or Spanish American blood, no matter if the individual is white in some cases, provide that he has a Spanish name, that marks him for elimination at the first opportunity. Here you

can see the unfair notion that any European that comes, takes apprenticeship and get promotions to better wages and is considered as American while the majority of Spanish American and Indo Americans are always looked at as Mexicans. Although we are native American Citizens. Why? Just because of the Race Haiting in the Bosses.—Not because the Spanish Americans are not enough intelligent and strong. Still there are a few individuals left on their jobs they are the living testimony that the Race is not inferior or any thing. We are as good citizens as the best there are because we like to have good things as anybody does, only we are not given the same opportunity in the factories as the Europeans are.

"We are considered as cheap staff non producent to the State, Cheap living people.'That is not fair. . . . We like to buy cars Radios and all the good things that make life sweet, only we don't have enough to buy everything and much less of the best.

"As you know, we humans are die-hard beings if we have not meats, sweets and everything that go with them, we eat corn and beans because that is all we can afford.

COMMON GROUND

"And even less than that, if necessary we eat horse's meat, craked bones, old shoes, grass hoppers etc. etc. etc. . . .

"To conclud this I'll say of own experience: I am a pit craneman. I get good wages same as the other fellows; thinging to pull my own son to the same kind of work so that he won't have to be a common laborer as the majority of the Spanish Americans are, I told my son to come and practice with me and get the apprentice by me without causing cost to the com-

pany. When he was ready I told him: Now, my boy, go and present yourself to the superior of my Department and tel him who you are and what you can do as craneman. We were sure and hoping for my son's job. But the Boss said after some reprimands for getting practice without his consent, that: 'he doesn't hire more Mexicans in his department.' Although we are native Americans.

"Hoping for the promised rights and the success of the 'American Unity.' "

TREASURE TRAILS

EXPLORATION of the "treasure trails" leading to America from all parts of the world has been the 1941 project of the Camp Fire Girls. Some started with their own families and ancestral countries; others with their communities, observing the influence of various lands on local architecture, customs, folk lore, and the like. And some, already curious about a particular country, learned more about it and its contributions to American life. These studies were frequently climaxed by folk songs and story telling at Ancestor Parties, to which girls and their mothers came, dressed in the period and nationality costumes of favorite forbears.

In certain localities in California and Texas, girls discovered Mexico had strongly influenced their communities. They formed committees to report on Mexican crafts, music, and customs; secured au-

thentic Mexican recipes during visits to Mexican homes. One northern California group, of Scandinavian ancestry, held an exhibit of costumes, dolls, silver work, and glass from the Scandinavian countries. Other West Coast girls got better acquainted with their Oriental American neighbors. A New Jersey group was especially interested in Denmark. In Pennsylvania there was a "treasure hunt" for Pennsylvania-German art. Oklahoma girls, after visiting an Indian school, adopted Indian "sisters," with whom they plan to enjoy many activities.

Different girls selected different countries for study, and the "trails" they traveled were shared with other members of their group. Scrapbooks will continue to grow, as will interest, for the project is to be carried over into future activities.

• From the Immigrant Press •

I AM AN AMERICAN

From the June 7 issue of *Narodna Wola*—*The People's Will*, published tri-weekly by the Ukrainian Workingmen's Association, 524 Olive Street, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

DURING the period of preparations and actual sessions of the U.W.A.'s Tenth Convention, there fell a holiday on which our citizens glorified their American citizenship. On the third Sunday in May, "I Am an American Day" was celebrated throughout the United States. In public parks, in schools, over the radio, through parades, concerts, and public manifestations—everywhere—the meaning of being an American was discussed. Veterans of previous wars, young people who came to be twenty-one years of age and thus entered into active participation in their civic rights, recently naturalized citizens, school children, and grey-haired refugees from under the boot of a dictator state—all joined in the chorus of expressions about the significance of citizenship in the world's greatest democracy.

Yet few could have expressed what America can give and has given to those who have come within her embrace, better than the great Ukrainian poet Ivan Franko. Sixty years ago he said in his poem, *Forget Not*:

But only he who loves,
Whose blood is quick to throb,
In whom hope heals all wounds,
Whom battle doth allure,
Who weeps for others' woe,
Rejoices in their good,
He only is a man.

All through thy life, perhaps,
It may not be thy lot
A man like this to be.
Yet be thou such, e'en though
But for a single hour.

(Trans. by Percival Cundy)

Today, throughout vast areas of the habitable world, honest, courageous, idealistic, and talented people cannot be "men," not even for the "single hour" of which Franko speaks. Yes, they are allowed to suffer, but to love or to express their love—this they can do only as the dictator decrees. Their "woe" and their "rejoicing" is a matter of government propaganda and censorship. "Good" and "evil" are determined by government communiqués, and only such battle has "allure" to which they are sent by the dictator's will and by an order of his corporals.

Here lies the greatness and pride of America. Here a human being can be a "man" whenever he wishes, whenever he has the strength and will, either for a "single hour," or in "days of youth, of spring"—or throughout the course of his whole life.

This editorial by Yaroslav J. Chyz is the winner of the \$25 prize offered by the Common Council for the best editorial appearing in the immigrant press on "I Am an American Day." Honorable mention goes to Peter S. Mountanos, editor of *California*, Greek-language newspaper, 266 Third Street, San Francisco. COMMON GROUND hopes readers will clip and send in material in the immigrant press that should reach a national audience.

• The Bookshelf •

CONDUCTED BY HENRY C. TRACY

AMERICAN FOLKWAYS

DESERT COUNTRY. By Edwin Corle.
New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 357 pp.
\$3

PIÑON COUNTRY. By Haniel Long.
Same. 327 pp. \$3

Four books each year in the new American Folkways series will explore differing regional aspects of the American scene. The first two, Edwin Corle's *Desert Country* and Haniel Long's *Piñon Country*, are successful both as literature and as a new approach to an understanding and appreciation of America.

Mr. Corle treats the desert as a friend, the possessor of secrets that all might profit by knowing, especially city-folk. The moods of this inscrutable blend of time-space, heat and sand, instead of shutting us out, become a liberating experience. For his task as interpreter, Mr. Corle has a rare gift: immediacy, no gap between his eye and pen; the planet becomes primal; we are brought down to the rudiments of existence, where we can feel *first* things as presumably Adam felt them.

Only then does Mr. Corle introduce living persons into this strange domain of supposed waste land. We watch their lives, loves, hopes, dreams, frustrations. At Havasu, the "Land of the Sky Blue Water," the Havasupai live an idyllic existence like that at Shangri-La. Among the Quharicas, we meet forgotten Indians, an off-shoot of the Uto-Aztec nation, on the "Tobacco Road" of Arizona. And

we come to know the first and oldest families of America among the Hopi, whose settlement dates from 1200. All sorts and conditions of men . . . and the desert: a fascinating account of both.

Piñon Country surpasses fiction in conveying the realities of a region and its people. By a capital innovation, Haniel Long makes even his Table of Contents challenging. Interspersed with chapter-headings are terse paragraphs that induce lively interest. Thus: *Some people could move into the Southwest and live long lives without killing Indians or being killed by them.* And the quiet, dispassionate way in which Mr. Long deploys his facts and interprets them yields an uncommon satisfaction.

The chapter on the Pueblo Indians is one of the best. Unlike the hunting tribes, they built their life around the culture of maize. "Life is not good if you are never sure of your food." Maize gave the Pueblos that assurance, and a winter leisure to "feel safe, and think about making pottery and blankets, and tell stories, and sing songs, and make love, and play with the babies, and meditate on life, and improve your prayer-dances."

But perhaps the most urgent passages for U.S. Americans are those that deal with the Spanish Americans, whose culture, older than that of New England, was crowded to the wall by a shrewder, somewhat ruder type of settler who brought along lawyers and laws, which he manipulated to his advantage. "Democracy" was our great gift, in 1846, to New

Mexico. But democracy, as Haniel Long shows, cannot work of itself—it must be made to work. Much is implied in his statement, “The politician who thinks

of a way really to help the native people grow and find their rightful place in the American pattern will be New Mexico’s first statesman.”

AMERICA IS BECOMING

HOME IS HERE. By Sidney Meller. New York: The Macmillan Company. 405 pp. \$2.50

When Alano Dorelli finds congenial people and an old-country atmosphere on Telegraph Hill in San Francisco, he ends his world-wandering as a migrant worker and builds a house to tempt his Lucia to bring their family of five from Lombardy and make it a home. He is certain that “Home is here.”

But not Lucia. Even after she has yielded and come the long way, lived there a year and more, and found friendly folk speaking Italian, the pull of the life on the old farm by Lake Como is still strong in her. Noise, dust, and danger from the quarry under the cliff shake the house and her confidence. Threads of attachment will not knit. In the end, however, the menace of that quarry operating unjustly to destroy the peace of the whole neighborhood spurs her to learn English, that she may claim her rights as an American—rights that had so far seemed mere words.

So it is in Lucia’s mind and spirit that the drama of this finely-wrought book emerges and moves toward a climax—a spirit often weak and fluctuating, a mind often foolish but essentially sound. It is her night school teacher, a bit stilted but wise, who tells her that “America is becoming.”

No author has better told the inside story of neighborhood groups of new Americans from Lombardy, Genoa, Sicily,

Grenada, with some Irish and Yankee stock intermingled, sinking differences in the American way. The interest is cumulative; the tempo never lags. Humor, pathos, apt dialogue, and sound analysis of human feeling make this a top-ranking novel and our choice for the best fiction on a new American theme.

Among other recent works of fiction exploring the diversity of peoples that have lent flavor to the American scene is *Instead of the Thorn* by Bastian Kruithof (Half Moon Press, \$1.50), a portrayal of pioneer life and characters in the Dutch community that became Holland, Michigan. Homely virtues, helpful neighbors, a village fanatic; struggle, success—these make a memorable work of fiction and a fine tribute to the folk from Holland. On a wider canvas is I. J. Kapstein’s *Something of a Hero* (Knopf, \$2.75). Its large cast of characters is drawn from families of Irish, German, Italian, Jewish, Negro, and Armenian origin, involved in social troubles incident to the rise of industrialism in an American town, subject to pressures that bring out the best in some, the worst in others. Arthur Kober’s *My Dear Bella* (Random, \$2) features English which has been shattered and remolded to the heart’s desire—that heart whose abode is the Bronx in New York. Bella’s parents are adepts in the dialect popularized by Milt Gross. Not merely a book of humor, this fiction interprets the Jewish American scene while it

entertains. On the other Coast, you find Richard LaPiere's *When the Living Strive* (Harpers, \$2.50), which tells how Lew Gan from a Chinese village learned by hard knocks the ways of white America in San Francisco. And, dipping back into American history, there is *Captain Paul* by Commander Edward Ellsberg (Dodd, Mead, \$2.75). Besides being a bit of a thriller with John Paul Jones as the hero against great odds, this book sheds light on the Nantucket men who manned the guns and the Congress that bungled naval affairs faster than the Scottish im-

migrant, Captain Paul, could set them to rights.

Two current volumes of plays also present American group life, in dramatic aspects: *The Free Company*, edited by James Boyd (Dodd, Mead, \$2), which is a collection of radio plays that show what the Bill of Rights means to people trying to live in harmony together; and *American Scenes*, edited by William Kozlenko (John Day, \$2.50), which pictures "the humor, tragedy, character, and idiom of certain regions of our country."

HEMISPHERIC AND ISLAND NEIGHBORS

GOOD NEIGHBORS. By Hubert Herring. New Haven: Yale University Press. 381 pp. \$3

If only one current book could be read on a theme demanding such urgent attention as this of hemispheric relations, it might well be Hubert Herring's. For twenty years he has journeyed constantly among the twenty South American nations. Here, in *Good Neighbors*, he writes intensively of Argentina, Brazil, and Chile; succinctly of the others. He is fair to them and us, adroit in handling delicate topics, impartial, frank, and immensely informing.

In Argentina, Mr. Herring tells us, are 3,500,000 port-dwellers opposed to 9,500,000 provinciales, and a small class favorably disposed toward power-politics set against a growing body of citizens with democratic leanings. Close analysis shows a slight balance in favor of constitutionalism—a trend dating only from 1852. Grounds for irritation between U.S. Americans and Argentines are well sifted: the causes are both economic and emotional.

Brazil's structural tensions are not so

easily charted. You learn all that can be known with any certainty of this young giant of a land with unco-ordinated resources, graphically described as Big, Empty, Rich, Poor, Divided—that time may solve its problems. But there may not be much time.

Chile's century of constitutional peace, says Mr. Herring, "is chiefly explained by the refusal to grapple with her fundamental economic ills." And now, striving to remedy these, a growing middle class induces a democracy that seems turbulent and "communistic" to the class *alta*, who have "land, money, names," and who, since 1830, have held the power and kept the common people in their place. Their rule is slipping.

The remaining seventeen studies in Mr. Herring's book are much more compact but equally valuable, covering their ground so completely that no student of economic, political, or social relations can afford to neglect them.

Many other recent volumes deal with our neighbors to the South. Earl Parker Hanson's *Chile* (Reynal & Hitchcock,

THE BOOKSHELF

\$1.75) supplements Mr. Herring's discussion by a fuller account of the Araucanian Indians, never vanquished, but largely assimilated; by a detailed explanation of the *inquilino* system (bound farm labor); and by chapters on mining, manufacturing, education, and indigenous Chilean culture and arts. Kathleen Romoli, in *Colombia: Gateway to South America* (Doubleday Doran, \$3.50), agrees with Mr. Herring that Colombia is the most democratic of the Latin American countries. She gives us insight into the character and qualities of the people, especially the *gente* (middle and upper classes) who inherit a culture that was mature when that of the Massachusetts Bay colony was just beginning.

Other titles worth noting:

A New Doctrine for the Americas by Charles Wertenbaker (Viking, \$2). An account of the new diplomacy practiced by Cordell Hull and Sumner Welles.

Defense of the Americas by André Chéradame (Doubleday Doran, \$3). Based on long observation of the growth and workings of the Pan-German plan

of "invisible war," political before it becomes military; demanding a counter-offensive in kind.

Many Mexicos by Leslie B. Simpson (Putnam's, \$3). Interpretation based on source materials of history. The stress is on cultural problems.

Reportage on Mexico by Virginia Pruet (Dutton, \$3). Leaders, revolutions, and policies since 1910, with a brief survey of early history.

Hawaii by Joseph Barber, Jr. (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.75). Frank, fair, and timely. Faces the need of a fuller recognition of *de facto* American citizens of diverse origins, their social and civic rights, and the elimination of planter-class privilege.

Orphans of the Pacific by Florence Horn (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$3.50). Excellent historic and social survey of the Philippines, presenting a clear canvas of present uncertainties and leanings among native leaders.

Puerto Rico by John W. Thompson, edited by Lazlo Fodor (Hastings House, \$1.50). Well-selected photographs, with informative text.

AMERICA IN ARTISTIC EXPRESSION

Father of the Blues by W. C. Handy (Macmillan, \$3), told with verve and humor, is Mr. Handy's own story of his unbeatable pursuit of a forbidden goal—music as a career. Wanting a guitar was "like falling in love." Bought with hard earnings, his first one was dubbed "devil's plaything" and had to be returned. As a boy, he seized ravenously on every crumb of musical education that could be had. He sang, played band instruments (clandestinely), and vagabonded westward. If ever a youngster learned in the school of adversity, it was William Christopher

Handy. Of that early vagrant period he writes "Misery bore fruit in song," and the *St. Louis Blues* came to birth years afterward out of wretchedness endured in the city of that name. Luck turned, finally, and in the heyday of the minstrel shows he got real training (as one of Mahara's Minstrel Men) for his future career—also much experience of the world, white and black. It was as a faculty member of the A. & M. College in Alabama that he began the fight for American music. This is a stunning book, not the least value of which is the charm and resourcefulness

it reveals in the personality of the author and composer—the Father of the Blues.

Alain Locke, editing *The Negro in Art* (Associates in Negro Folk Education, \$5), gives us an impressive record of achievement in another field. The book will delight all art lovers. Part I consists of plates reproducing paintings and sculpture by Negro artists from 1660 to 1940; Part II shows the interest the Negro race and culture have excited in white artists; and Part III, in an excellent brief essay, defines the ancestral African arts and gives adequate illustrations. Mr. Locke's commentaries are invaluable.

American Renaissance, F. O. Matthiessen calls his monumental study of the great age of American letters (Oxford University Press, \$5). He interprets that age by studies of five giants in the art of literary expression: Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, and Whitman. These he relates to their past, their contemporary scene, and our future, handling his theme humanly and luminously. This is an important work of criticism.

In *Marian Anderson* (Whittlesey House, \$2.50), Kosta Vehanen, her Finnish accompanist, gives a warm and vivid account of the eminent singer's career.

ON THE SOCIAL HORIZON

The New American, edited by Francis Kalnay and Richard Collins (Greenberg, \$2.75), covers every problem a newcomer may meet in the effort to acquire citizenship, equate his political status, or find employment and locate his friends. Besides giving the naturalization data ordinarily found in manuals of this kind, it defines alien rights and restrictions, explains provisions of the Social Security Act, etc. Highly recommended.

Democracy in the Middle West, edited by Jeanette Nichols and James Randall (Appleton-Century, \$1.25), covers trends from 1840 to 1940. The authors of the five historical essays sum up social and cultural progress and find a distinctive culture emerging, in which German and Scandinavian qualities are fused with Southern and Yankee traits.

Reflecting the search for stability and meaning under cataclysmic world conditions are several new anthologies which bring together, in document and poetry and story, the best of the American tradi-

tion. *We Hold These Truths*, edited by Stuart Gerry Brown (Harpers, \$1.50), is a handy and challenging compilation of the documents, addresses, and declarations of principle on which the American way of life is based, from the *Mayflower* Compact to the present. *The American Tradition*, edited by Louis B. Wright (Crofts, \$2), opens with a survey of causes undermining faith and clears a vision of American resources. Besides documents similar to the preceding source-book, it contains essays, sketches, and stories that mirror our diversified life. *The Patriotic Anthology*, with an introduction by Carl Van Doren (Doubleday Doran, \$3), includes, in addition to good prose compilations, poetry sections for each great period from the discovery of the American continent until today—songs and poems that have sunk deep into the people's affections.

Henry C. Tracy is a frequent contributor to COMMON GROUND.

RECOMMENDED READING—List II

Specific recommendations are here confined to books, currently in print, on the Negro and new-immigrant groups in the United States. Material in book form on many of the groups is almost non-existent; on others there is quite a literature. On the shelves of libraries in most large cities, readers will find supplementary older works, now out of print, particularly novels, published in the first two decades of the century. For lists of these and periodical material, see Maurice R. Davie's excellent bibliographies in his *World Immigration*, published in 1936 by Macmillan, \$3.75.

For other books on these groups and on wider and more general aspects of the American scene, readers are referred to Recommended Reading, List I, in the Spring 1941 issue of this magazine. Reprints of both lists are available.

NEGRO

The African Background. C. G. Woodson. Washington: Associated Publishers, 1936. \$3

Color and Human Nature. W. Lloyd Warner, Buford H. Junker, and Walter A. Adams. Washington: American Council on Education, 1941. \$2.25

Drums and Shadows. Georgia Writers' Project. Athens, Georgia: University of Georgia Press, 1941. \$3

Gullah. Mason Crum. Durham, N.C.: Duke University Press, 1941. \$3.50

The Negro in Our History. C. G. Woodson. Washington: Associated Publishers, 1941. \$4

Negro Intelligence and Selective Migration. Otto Klineberg. New York: Columbia University Press, 1935. \$1.25

What the Negro Thinks. R. R. Moton. New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1929. \$2

Negro Genius: A New Appraisal of the Achievement of the American Negro in Literature and the Fine Arts. B. G. Brawley. New York: Dodd, Mead, 1937. \$1.75

Negro Musicians and Their Music. M. C. Hare. Washington: Associated Publishers, 1936. \$3

The Book of American Negro Spirituals. James Weldon Johnson and J. Rosamond Gilder, editors. Musical arrangements by J. R. Johnson and Lawrence Brown. New York: Viking, 1940. \$2.95

The Negro in Art. Alain Locke, editor. Washington: Associates in Negro Folk Education, 1941. \$5

The Negro in Congress (1870-1901). Samuel Denny Smith. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1940. \$2.50

The Black Worker: The Negro and the Labor Movement. S. D. Spero and Abram L. Harris. New York: Columbia University Press, 1931. \$4.50

The Negro in Sports. E. B. Henderson. Washington: Associated Publishers, 1939. \$2

Black Reconstruction. W. E. B. DuBois. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1935. \$5

Let My People Go. Henrietta Buckmaster. New York: Harpers, 1941. \$3.50

Negro Youth at the Crossways: Their Personality Development in the Middle States. E. Franklin Frazier. Washington: American Youth Commission, 1940. \$2.25

In a Minor Key: Negro Youth in Story and Fact. Ira De A. Reid. Washington: American Youth Commission, 1940. \$1.25

Growing Up in the Black Belt: Negro Youth in the Rural South. Charles S.

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Johnson. Washington: American Youth Commission, 1940. \$2.25

Black Manhattan. James Weldon Johnson. New York: Knopf, 1940. \$2.50

New Haven Negroes: A Social History. Robert Austin Warner. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1941. \$3.50

Black Thunder. Arna Bontemps. Novel. New York: Macmillan, 1936. \$2.50

Their Eyes Were Watching God. Zora Neale Hurston. Novel. Philadelphia: Lipincott, 1937. \$2

Home to Harlem. Claude McKay. Novel. New York: Harpers, 1928. \$2.50

Walk Hard—Talk Loud. Len Zinberg. Novel. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1940. \$2

From Captivity to Fame: or the Life of George Washington Carver. R. H. Merritt. Boston: Meador, 1938. \$2

A Colored Woman in a White World. Mary Church Terrell. Autobiography. Washington: Ransdell, 1941. \$2.50

Along This Way. James Weldon Johnson. Autobiography. New York: Viking, 1933. \$3.50

Father of the Blues. W. C. Handy. Autobiography. New York: Macmillan, 1941. \$3

Marian Anderson. Kosta Vehanen. Biography. New York: Whittlesey House, 1941. \$2.50

Life and Times of Frederick Douglass, written by himself. New York: Pathway Press, 1941. \$5

NEW-IMMIGRANT GROUPS

CANADIAN

The Mingling of the Canadian and American Peoples. Marcus Lee Hansen. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1940. \$3

DANISH

Take All to Nebraska, 1936; *Mortgage Your Heart*, 1937; *This Passion Never Dies*, 1938. Sophus Keith Winther. Novels. Macmillan. \$2.50 each.

How a Dane Became an American. T. M. Neilsen. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: The Torch Press, 1935. \$2

DUTCH

The Hollanders of Iowa. Jacob Van Der Zee. Iowa City: Iowa State Historical Society, 1912. \$3

Instead of the Thorn. Bastian Kruithof. Novel. New York: Half Moon Press, 1941. \$1.50.

FRENCH

Death Comes for the Archbishop. Willa Cather. Novel. New York: Knopf, 1927. \$2.50

The Delusson Family. Jacques Ducharme. Novel. New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 1939. \$2.50

All This and Heaven, Too. Rachel Field. Novel. New York: Macmillan, 1938. \$2.50

Maria Chapdelaine. Louis Hemon. Novel. New York: Modern Library, 1934. 95 cents

GERMAN

Early Eighteenth Century Palatine Emigration. W. A. Knittle. Philadelphia: Dorrance, 1937. \$3.50

The Pennsylvania Dutch and Their Cookery. J. George Frederick. New York: The Business Bourse, 1935. \$3

Amana That Was and Amana That Is. Bertha M. H. Shambaugh. Iowa City: State Historical Society, 1932. \$3.50

My Musical Life. Walter Damrosch. Autobiography. New York: Scribner's, 1923. \$2

Horse and Buggy Doctor. Arthur E. Hertzler. Autobiography. New York: Harpers, 1938. \$2.75

RECOMMENDED READING

The Roeblings: A Century of Engineers, Bridge-Builders and Industrialists. Hamilton Schuyler. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1931. \$5

Schumann-Heink, the Last of the Titans. Mary Lawton. New York: Macmillan, 1928. \$3.50

Charles Proteus Steinmetz: A Biography. John W. Hammond. New York: Appleton-Century, 1924. \$4

Second Wind. Carl Zuckmayer. Autobiography. New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1940. \$2.50

Jacoby's Corners. Jake Falstaff. Novel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1940. \$2.50

Told With a Drum. Edward Harris Heth. Novel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1937. \$2

IRISH

Kitty Foyle. Christopher Morley. Novel. Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1939. \$2.50

Pilgrims on the Earth. Margaret Marchand. Novel. New York: Crowell, 1940. \$2.50

ITALIAN

The Italians in America Before the Civil War. Giovanni E. Schiavo. New York: The Vigo Press, 1934. \$5

The Italian Emigration of Our Times. Robert Franz Foerster. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1924. \$3

The Italian Contribution to American Democracy. John H. Mariano. New York: Christopher Publishing House, 1921. \$2. *The Second Generation of Italians in New York City.* Same. \$1

Italians in Chicago: A Study in Americanization. Giovanni E. Schiavo. New York: Vigo Press, 1928. \$3.50

Home Is Here. Sidney Meller. Novel. New York: Macmillan, 1941. \$2.50

JEWISH

Early American Jews. Lee M. Friedman. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1934. \$2.50

A History of Jews in the United States. Lee J. Levinger. Cincinnati, Ohio: Union of Hebrew Congregations, 1935. \$2

Jewish Immigration to the United States from 1881 to 1910. Samuel Joseph. New York: Columbia University Press, 1914. \$2.25

The Jewish Contribution to Civilization. Cecil Roth. New York: Harpers, 1940. \$2

How Odd of God: An Introduction to the Jews. Lewis Browne. New York: Macmillan, 1934. \$2.50. *Stranger than Fiction.* Same, 1926. \$1

The Making of the Modern Jew. Milton Steinberg. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1934. \$2.50

My Mother and I. Elizabeth Gertrude Stern. New York: Macmillan, 1917. \$1.75

The Island Within. Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harpers, 1928. \$1

Samuel Gompers. Rowland H. Harvey. Stanford University, Calif., Stanford University Press, 1935. \$2.50

Anti-Semitism in the United States: Its History and Causes. Lee J. Levinger. New York: Bloch, 1925. \$1

MEXICAN

The Mexican Immigrant, 1931; and Mexican Immigration to the United States, 1930. Manuel Gamio. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. \$3 each

Saddle in the Sky: the Lone Star State. J. H. Plenn. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill, 1940. \$2.75

Tumbleweeds. Marta Roberts. New York: Putnam's, 1940. \$2.50

Tortilla Flat. John Steinbeck. New York: Modern Library, 1935. 95 cents

Modern Mexican Art. Laurence E. Schmeckebier. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1939. \$5

NORWEGIAN

Norwegian Settlement in the United States. Carlton C. Qualey. Northfield,

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Minn.: Norwegian-American Historical Association, 1938. \$3

Ole Rynning's True Account of America. Ole Rynning. Trans. and edited by Theodore C. Blegen. Northfield, Minn.: Norwegian-American Historical Association, 1926. \$1

The Emigrants. Johan Bojer. Novel. New York: Appleton-Century, 1925. \$2.50

The Log Book of a Young Immigrant. Laurence M. Larson. Northfield, Minn.: Norwegian-American Historical Association, 1939. \$3

Norwegian Emigrant Songs and Ballads. Theodore C. Blegen and Martin B. Ruud. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1936. \$3

ORIENTAL

Oriental Exclusion. R. D. McKenzie. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1928. \$2

When the Living Strive. Richard LaPiere. Novel. New York: Harpers, 1941. \$2.50

Filipino Immigration to Continental United States and to Hawaii. Bruno Lasker. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1931. \$4

Japanese in the United States: A Critical Study of the Problems of the Japanese Immigrants and Their Children. Yamato Ichihashi. Stanford University, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1932. \$4

The Japanese in California. Edward K. Strong, Jr. Stanford University, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1933. \$1.50. *The Second-Generation Japanese Problem.* Same, 1934. \$3.25

PORTUGUESE

Two Portuguese Communities in New England. Donald Reed Taft. New York: Columbia University Press, 1923. \$6

In Great Waters. Jeremiah Digges. New York: Macmillan, 1941. \$2.50

RUMANIAN

A Study of Assimilation Among the Roumanians of the United States. Christine Avghi Galitz. New York: Columbia University Press, 1929. \$4

On New Shores. Konrad Bercovici. New York: Appleton-Century, 1925. \$4

SCOTTISH

Story of My Boyhood and Youth. John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1913. \$3

The Life of Andrew Carnegie. Burton J. Hendrick. New York: Doubleday, Doran, 1932. 2 vols. \$7.50

When James Gordon Bennett Was Caliph of Bagdad. A. S. Crockett. New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 1926. \$2

SLOVAK

Out of This Furnace. Thomas Bell. Boston: Little, Brown, 1941. \$2.50

SWEDISH

Swedes in America, 1638-1938. Adolph B. Benson and Naboth Hedin. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1938. \$3

Background of Swedish Immigration, 1840-1930. Florence E. Janson. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1931. \$5

John Lind of Minnesota. George M. Stephenson. Biography. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1935. \$4

Red Rust. C. J. Cannon. Novel. Boston: Little, Brown, 1928. \$2.50

The Song of the Lark. Willa Cather. Novel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1915. \$2.50

SWISS

The Swiss in the United States. J. P. von Gruening. Madison, Wis.: Swiss-American Historical Society, 1941. \$2

YUGOSLAV

Laughing in the Jungle. Louis Adamic. Autobiography. Harpers, 1932. \$3. *The Native's Return.* Same, 1934. \$2.75. *Grandsons.* Novel. Same, 1935. \$2.50

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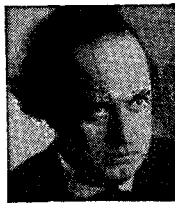
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